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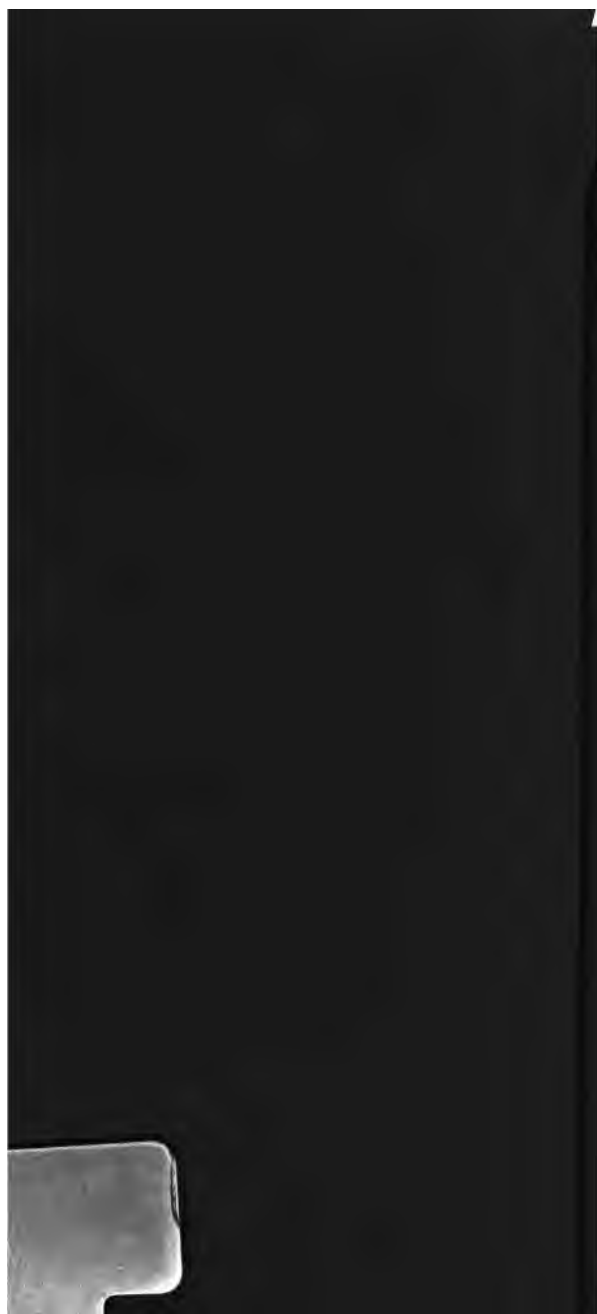
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1871.





Hymnologia Christiana Latina.

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

HYMNOLOGIA CHRISTIANA
LATINA;

OR,

A Century of Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual
Songs,

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS,

FROM LUTHER TO HEBER AND KEBLE,

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN VERSE,

EITHER METRICAL OR ACCENTUATED RHYME.

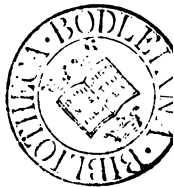
BY THE

REV. RICHARD BINGHAM, M.A. OXON.

LATE VICAR OF QUEENBOROUGH, KENT;

EDITOR OF THE WORKS OF THE LEARNED JOSEPH BINGHAM.

"Simili frondescit Virga metallo."



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1871.

147. g 276.

TO
THE RIGHT REV. VINCENT WILLIAM RYAN, D.D.
LATE BISHOP OF MAURITIUS AND NOW VICAR
OF BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE ;
TO
WILLIAM HUGHES HUGHES, JUN., Esq., BARRISTER ;
TO
HORACE P. WHITE, Esq.
HER MAJESTY'S CONSUL AT TANGIER,
AND
TO MANY OTHERS,
HIS PUPILS IN EARLY LIFE,
WHILE FOR TWENTY YEARS HE SERVED THE
CURACY OF TRINITY CHURCH, GOSPORT,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,
IN MEMORIAM,
BY
THEIR FAITHFUL TUTOR AND CONSTANT FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

1871.



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ERRATA.

Page 6, line 12, *for* second appendix *read* first appendix.

— 22, line 10, *for* Cypři *read* Cypři.

— 22, line 31, *for* Lȳďia *read* Lȳďiř.

— 25, number 17, *for* Scriběř *read* Scřiběř.

To the numerous Patrons and Friends, whose Names follow, the Author begs leave to present his best thanks for their generous encouragement of the present work.

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HYMNOLOGIA CHRISTIANA LATINA.

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(To be inserted between pages viii. & iz., immediately before the List of Subscribers.)

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IN THE INTRODUCTION.

Page 1, line 1. *My work is so novel*. I am reminded of some other Latin Translations of English Hymns, viz: by the Rev. C. B. Pearson, some years ago, and recently by the Rev. L. C. Biggs; but of these books I have never heard till now. It only shows how often independent minds are running in the same groove.

Page 6 PS. for *Holden's Foliorum Silvula*, &c. read at the 431st page of the 2nd vol. of *Folia Silvulae*, Cambridge, 1870.

Page 20, read the spondaic hexameter thus,—
Proximus huic longo sed proximus intervallu.

Page 22, No. 7, for *Pharecratius* read *Pherecrateus*.

Page 29, in the PS., for *Casimer* read *Casimir*.

Page 30, No. 2, for 1808 read 1825.

Page 37, line 2, for *then* read *afterwards*.

Ibid. No. 22, for *De Poetica (Poeticæ) Vi Medicæ* read *Prælectiones Academicæ, Oronii Habitæ* 1832—41, 2 vols. 8vo. 1841.

Page 43, line 7, for *Sussex* read *Kent*.

Page 45, No. 42, for *Theobald's* read *Stoke Newington*.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

IN THE VERSIONS.

- Page 51, line 12, for *defluerint* read *defluerent*.
 Page 51, line 21, for *mihi præbe* read *concede*.
 Page 53, line 13, for *glomerant* read *glomerent*.
 Ibid. last line, for *sit* read *sint*.
 Page 57, last line but one, for *Jordani* read *Jordanis*.
 Page 59, last line, place a note of admiration (!) at *coronam* and for *Et valeat* read *Prævaleat*.
 Page 61, line 8, for *renuans* read *renuens*.
 Ibid. line 13, for *contemplar* read *contemplor*.
 Page 63, line 5, for *innubile cælum* read *innubila regna*.
 Page 65, line 17, for *renuare* read *renuisse*, or *odisse*, which latter word I now prefer.
 Page 67, line 6, for *domicilia* read *bona sede supernâ*.
 Ibid. line 15, for *domicilia* read *penetralia*.
 Page 85, line 1, for *Prolamet* read *Proclamet*.
 Page 89, line 5, for *solemni* read *profundo*.
 Page 91, lines 25 & 26, for *Per Christum quoque liberti, &c.*, read *Per Christum quoque filiis Nobis esse licet*.
 Page 93, line 2, for *Linguam tange meam, &c.* read *Voces solve meas et labia expedi*.
 Ibid. line 21, read *Lætans ex adytis egredior Tuis*.
 Page 95, line 20, for *Mænia caulæ* read *Tegmen ovilis*.
 Page 99, line 21, for *volvuntur* read *redeunt*.
 Page 103, line 15, for *solennes* read *perennes*.
 Page 107, line 19, for *carmina* read *carmen amabile*.
 Page 111, line 17, for *cogitata* read *meditata*.
 Page 115, line 20, for *dedicit* read *didicit*.
 Ibid. line 21, for *Evangelica nam vera* read *Atque Evangelii vera fideliter*.
 Page 117, lines 9 and 10, for *Et plumis, &c.*, read *Plumis lacteolis illa columbula Atque agnus nivibus, &c.*
 Ibid. lines 14 and 15, for *Nam qui, &c.* read *Nam, qui pro miseris justa piacula Culpæ ferre potest, Ipse sit innocens*.
 Page 121, line 14, for *honores* read *triumphos*.

AND TEXTUAL CORRECTIONS

IN THE VERSIONS.

- Page 125, line 14, for *fidenter* read *volenter*.
- Ibid. line 19, for *sit* read *est*.
- Page 127, line 5, for *Ecce! hominis*, &c. read
Ut sumus ipsi, hominis.
- Ibid. lines 20 & 21, for *vitæ* read *mundi*, and for
Mortis in horâ read *Exitu vitæ*.
- Page 129, line 17, for *cælo domicilia summo*, read
regnis habitacula summis.
- Page 136, supply the stanza,
*Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was Thine;
Thy will be done!*
- Ibid. version of the stanza, Should grief, &c.
*Sin dolor inciderit subitò,
Artubus aut novus ingruerit
Morbus, edens citius mihi vim
Vivificam, moriorque, Pater,
Ultima erit mihi vox,—Tua sit
Facta voluntas!*
- Page 139, line 10, for *renuat* read *renuit*.
- Page 141, line 25, read the verse thus,—*Funebris ac
quoties resonat campana per auras*.
- Page 143, line 3, insert *namque* after *Ille*.
- Page 147, line 16, insert *omnes* after *cantunt*.
- Page 149, line 8, insert *suprà* after *qui*.
- Page 151, line 27, for *Gregibus propriis*, &c. read
Gregibus propriæ, et mihi cunctis.
- Page 153, line 9, for *thematæ* read *dogmate*.
- Page 161, line 5, for *Telluri* read *Tellure*.
- Page 163, lines 8 and 9, for *En! gloriæ*, &c. read
*En! gloriæ volens Suæ
Ponit coronam, &c.*
- Page 171, at the bottom, for *Divitias*, &c. read
*Et Ipsum morientem cerno,
Divitias ingentes sperno,
Renuncians superbis.*
- Page 221, line 11, for *prostrate* read *prostrati*.
- Page 223, line 9, for *Morientes* read *Morientis*.

ERRORS AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 225, line 8, for *Salutiferi* read *Qui salutem dant*, putting also a comma after *crystallinis*.

Page 228, last line but 2, for *roas* read *roar*.

Page 237 line 25, for *lumina* read *nubila*.

IN THE APPENDIX.

Page 257, line 11, for *and, I think, most successfully* read *but, I think, not very successfully*.

Page 262, in Mr. Gedge's Version of Heber's Hymn, line 5, for *Nos hunc* read *Nos nunc*.

Ibid. 9, for *nos ut citat* read *huc ut fugat alma soporem*: and, 12, for *placidis* read *tutis*.

Ibid. Note 14, for *τετελεσται* read *τετέλεσται*.

Page 269, lines 11 & 12, read *recognosco* and *adoro*.

Ibid. line 18, for *Æterna* read *Æterne*.

Page 273, for *November, 1870*, read *October, 1866*.

Having taken considerable pains in preparing and editing my *HYMNOLOGIA*, though much impeded by illness and otherwise interrupted, I regret to find so many *corrigenda*, either in the 300 pages I have printed, or in the 3000 Latin lines composed by me, except about 250. At the same time, I have thought it just on my part towards the Subscribers and the Public to put them at once in possession of all *Errata* and *Corrigenda*, whether important or trifling; my object being to attain, if possible to perfection, which I hope to do most thoroughly, should I have the privilege of issuing a second edition: but, if that should never take place, I hope that at least Cicero's remark about the aged husbandman may be verified in myself,—

Serit arbores alteri sæculo profuturas.

RICHARD BINGHAM.

Sutton, S.

June 30th, 1871.

INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

The General Preface.

THE following work is so novel of its kind and peculiar in its character, that it seems both reasonable and necessary to introduce it to the Reader with a few explanatory remarks as to the occasion of its origin and the nature of its composition.

Several months ago my attention was drawn to Mr. Gladstone's version of Toplady's well-known hymn "Rock of Ages" into rhyming accentuated Latin verse; first published, I believe, in 1848, but reproduced by a correspondent in the *Record* newspaper for November 5, 1869, and repeated in some other periodicals, as follows:—

I.

Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus !
Tu, per lympham profluentem,
Tu, per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mī redunda;
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

II.

Coram Te nec justus forem,
 Quamvis totâ vi laborem;
 Nec, si fide nunquam cesso,
 Fletu stillans indefesso;
 Tibi soli tantum munus:
 Salva me, Salvator unus!

III.

Nil in manu mecum fero,
 Sed me versus crucem gero.
 Vestimenta nudus oro,
 Opem debilis imploro;
 Fontem Christi quæro immundus,
 Nisi laves, moribundus!

IV.

Dum hos artus vita regit,
 Quando nox sepulcro tegit,
 Mortuos quum stare jubes,
 Sedens Judex inter nubes,—
 Jesus, pro me perforatus,
 Condar intra Tuum latus!

On my perusing these lines, it occurred to me to attempt a purely classical translation of the hymn in elegiac verse, and the result was the rendering with which the First Part of my little work commences. Soon afterwards it struck me that Cowper's hymn "There is a Fountain fill'd with blood" would go very nicely into rhyming verse, and the product appears as the first hymn of my Third Part.

Kirke White's "Oft in sorrow, oft in woe" was my next essay. Of this some private friends highly approved,

as, indeed, they also did of my version of Cowper's hymn, which I published as a note in the 131st and 132nd pages of my Lectures¹ on the 53rd chapter of Isaiah; not then foreseeing how this new task,—and a pleasing one it has proved,—would grow. From these three initiatives I advanced, almost day by day, from one hymn to another, rendering my selections into a variety of metres, after the pure patterns of the poets of the Augustan age, or the manner of Prudentius, who flourished in the 5th century, or the way of the comparatively modern Buchanan, who was so eminent in Latin composition. I have also followed the musical or rhyming measures of Ambrosian, Gregorian, and Mediæval patterns, with what success I leave my readers to judge, while I am prepared for being abundantly criticized, and to enjoy, perhaps, some measure of praise.

It may be asked, with respect to this little work of mine, *Cui bono?* Perhaps I cannot clearly reply, though possibly it may serve as a suitable Christmas present, or Easter gift, or birthday souvenir, or school reward, and prove helpful to young boys or girls learning Latin, who by means of my Latin Hymnology may get some insight into Latin verse and its metres, and acquire much knowledge of classical words and correct phraseology without manipulating the Heathen authors;—may have some Horatian versification without Horace, and learn much of the Ovidian muse, while strangers to Ovid himself.

The Latinity, which ranges from Plautus even to Terullian and Cælius, is classical and pure, though a few terms² are unavoidably employed in representing some

¹ London: Macintosh, 1870.

² *E. g.* *Æones, Salvator, rectitudo, mensurabilis.*

thoughts and phrases of Christian poets, which could not possibly have occurred to Heathen authors; and other terms, such as *gratia* for *grace*, are of necessity used in a sense diverging from their original classical power. Without a licence of this kind the translation of spiritual hymns into the Latinity of the Augustan authors would be simply impossible. I have, however, availed myself of this licence very sparingly, and, although, as I have said, I range from Plautus to Cælius, who were centuries apart, I have seldom taken words or terminations or forms of tense from the extremes. Where explanation is needful, it will be found in the Appendix of Notes at the end of the volume.

My object was to render into Latin verse of some kind a few of our most choice and popular hymns by well-known authors; though by confining myself to one hundred examples I have of necessity passed by many well deserving attention. I found, too, that every hymn would not go into any kind of metre, and that some could not be translated at all without so completely paraphrasing them as to destroy their identity. For example, after many attempts, I could make nothing creditable of Thomas Moore's "Sound the loud timbrel," &c., although I fancy the Song of Miriam, according to our Authorized Version, might be turned into very excellent Alcaics. As a rule, the staid language of Doddridge, Watts, and Wesley, the chaste lines of Heber, and the pure simplicity of Keble, I found best adapted for translation into one or other of the classical metres; while certain other styles, especially the hymns in sevens, were better suited for trochaics, iambic dimeters, or the rhyming eight syllables of the trochaic type. I learnt also that the more impassioned effusions of Kelly, or Montgomery and the like

were calculated for a mixed style, and a sort of Latin peculiar metre, which in some instances is original with myself. However, upon much that I have done, others possibly will improve; and if I only turn the minds of some young students to this kind of exercise, *that* of itself will be one good result of my lucubrations.

Some of my friends may possibly be disposed to ask, how, in the midst of ministerial labours and controversial occupations^{*}, I could find time for such kind of *bijouterie* as this little book, and that, too, after having entered the company of the septuagenarians. The answer is easy. This work is the result of time redeemed in the early hours of the day. My long residence in the midst of the marsh miasma of the Isle of Sheppey had rendered me such a martyr to the aches and pains of nervous ague, and had so disturbed the equilibrium of the circulation, that I had fallen into the habit of finding myself wide awake, without the slightest inclination for any more sleep, at three and four o'clock in the morning; and not being able to rise and resort to my study at hours so primitive, even in the summer, I adopted the practice of remaining in bed till seven or eight, but at the same time devoting my matutinal wakefulness to reading and composition. These Latin renderings are some of the worms which the early bird picked up, and for the most part during the winter and spring of the year of our Lord 1869-70; as are also the explanation of metres I have drawn up for the benefit

^{*} For example, the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer, and the Association for Promoting it, at 17, Buckingham Street, Strand, with which I have had the honour of being connected for many years, and where I have had the happiness of making some valuable and firm friends.

of my younger friends, or for readers whose memories in such matters may need refreshing.

I thought it best to arrange my version in three parts: first, the purely classical metres, next a few hymns very much after the manner of Prudentius, and lastly, by themselves, the musical, accentuated, and rhyming hymns. As a rule, each opening contains the English hymn on the left-hand page, and the Latin version on the right; the former headed by the name of the author and date of his era or death, and the other distinguished by the description of the metre employed. A few notes that seemed necessary are placed in the second appendix at the end, to be consulted by the Reader or not, at his pleasure, without the incumbrance at the foot of a page occasionally. The whole is completed by an index of the initial lines of the English hymns thus translated.

I have only, in conclusion, to express my hope that my little book will be kindly received, and that, unimportant as of itself it is, it may still be allowed a place among the literary "all things," that, under the Divine blessing upon what is harmless, if not essential, do certainly "work together" with greater matters for the benefit and amusement of the human mind.

R. B.

4, CLIFTON CRESCENT, SUTTON, SURREY.

January 21, 1871.

P.S.—I have just seen, through the kindness of a friend, who has drawn my attention to it, an elegant version in minor Asclepiads of the song of Deborah, by H. A. J. Munro, Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Latin in the University of Cambridge. It is to be found at the 431st page of Holden's *Foliorum Silvula*. Deighton and Co., Cambridge, 1852.

CHAPTER II.

Some remarks on Prudentius, the Mediæval hymns as extant in the Breviaries, and the metrical versions of Buchanan and Johnston.

A FEW explanatory notices of these Christian poems and hymns will not be deemed inopportune here, inasmuch as these humbler efforts belong to the same category.

1. Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, who has been termed ¹ "*Christianorum poetarum facile princeps, atque inter auctores ecclesiasticos pietate et omnigenâ eruditione clarissimus*," was certainly a Spaniard; though there is as much dispute about the actual place of his nativity as there was, long before his time, about the birthplace of Homer, contended for equally by seven cities,—

*Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athens,
Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ.*

Prudentius himself hints, in his preface to the *Hymni*

¹ See the Preface to the *Variorum* edition of his works.

Cathemerini, that he was born in the consulate of *Salias*² and *Philippus*, which date corresponds with A.D. 348,—

*Oblitum veteris me Salix consulis arguens,
Sub quo prima dies mihi,—*

and if we may judge from a passage in the *Apotheosis*, vv. 449—454, he was in his boyhood during the reign of Julian the Apostate. He appears to have been a Christian from infancy or very early life, for even when lamenting the errors of his youth he never speaks of having worshipped the false gods of heathen Rome. He possessed strong natural abilities, which he greatly improved by industry and application. It seems he had a sorrowful beginning at school, for he tells us that

*Ætas prima crepantibus
Flevit sub ferulis.*

At seventeen *Prudentius* began to frequent the schools of rhetoric,—

*Mox docuit toga
Infectum vitiis falsa loqui,*

the art of *Talleyrand* being even then well understood,—the use of language for the purpose of concealing our thoughts rather than explaining them,—the way to make the worse appear the better part, and twist evidence against us into arguments on our own side.

After this our poet sowed his wild oats, (for a brief period, we hope,) practised at the bar, held provincial offices, obtained rank in the palatial army of notaries, secretaries, and treasurers, under the favour of *Theodosius*

² *Lempriere*, in his *Classical Dictionary*, has mistaken this passage, and tells us that *Salia* was a city of Spain, and the birthplace of our author.

the Elder, whose chancellor Prudentius seems to have been for a period. How long we cannot say, but after middle life he became disgusted with the frivolities of the Court at Constantinople, and undergoing deep conviction of sin, and becoming the subject of a real conversion, he retired from public life, returned to his native country, and devoted himself to the composition of his hymns and religious and controversial poems.

There are two passages in his works evincing his spiritual conflicts and final triumph in Christ, which may well be contrasted here.

First, the conclusion of the *Psychomachia*, vv. 899 seqq. :—

*O quoties animam, vitiorum peste repulsâ,
Sensimus incaluisse Deo ! quoties tepefactum
Cæleste ingenium post gaudia candida tetro
Cessisse stomacho ! fervent bella horrida, fervent
Ossibus inclusa³ ; fremit et discordibus armis
Non simplex natura hominis : nam viscera limo
Effigiata premunt animam ; contra ille⁴ sereno
Editus afflatu nigrantis carcere cordis
Æstuat, et sordes arcta inter vincla recusat.*

The other passage to be contrasted with this commences at the 392nd line of the *Apotheosis*, and is as follows :—

*“ O nomen prædulce mihi, lux, et decus, et spes,
Præsidiumque meum ! requies o certa laborum !
Blandus in ore sapor, flagrans odor, irriguus fons,
Castus amor, pulchra⁵ species, sincera voluptas ! ”*

³ The syllable is made long by *cæsura* before *fr*.

⁴ The antecedent is *homo* in *natura hominis* = the inner man.

⁵ The short vowel becomes long before *sp* in the next word.

But enough, for it is not my purpose to write a critique on the works of Prudentius, and I pass on to notice briefly his two books of hymns, which are more in my own line,—the Daily Hymns, and the Hymns on the Crowns of the Martyrs.

Our poet employs no less than eighteen distinct forms of metre. These will be explained in the next chapter of the Introduction, and consequently I need now only say that I have made but little use of the patterns, which are, for the most part, iambic dimeters, with some trochaic and anapæstic measures, besides the usual Horatian metres, Sapphic, Alcaic, choriambic, Asclepiad, Glyconic, and the hexameter alternating with the Phaliscus, or with the iambic trimeter or senarius.

For my own part I cannot regard the poetry of Prudentius as very acceptable. His style is below the harmonious rhythm of the Augustan poets, and many of his lines are far from flowing smoothly; synalæphas are too numerous, and some liberties are taken with quantities. Still, Prudentius merits our respect as the first author of truly Christian poetry, and that, too, in a language not thoroughly adapted for the spiritual doctrines of the Gospel, or the heartfelt experiences of the believer in Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of mankind. I have only to add that readers who wish for more details will find ample information in the *Prolegomena* of Valpy's Variorum edition of our author's whole works, 2 vols., 8vo., London, 1824.

2. In the year 1838 the Rev. John Henry Newman, then a Fellow of Oriel College, and a Minister of the Church of England, which he afterwards forsook for the Church of Rome, published at Oxford (J. H. Parker) an elegant edition of *Hymni Ecclesiæ*, selected from the

Roman Breviary, and from the Breviaries of Sarum, York, and Paris, but omitting all such hymns as were spoilt by "invocations to the saints of such a nature as to be, even in the judgment of charity, not mere apostrophes, but supplications⁶."

As to the origin of these hymns, I cannot do better than cite what Mr. Newman has said so well⁷:—"The Roman hymns, whether good or bad, were the work of no one generation, much less the outpourings of one mind. They were not the contents of one collection, published all new in a day, according to the will of man. They were the gradual accumulation of centuries, bearing in old and new upon one treasure-house. . . . As far as we know, the public hymns of the early Church were not much more than the following: First, starting from Scripture, she adopted the repetition of the *Hallelujah*, which is described by St. John in the Revelation to be the chant of the blessed inhabitants of heaven. Next may be mentioned the *Gloria Patri*, pretty much as we now use it. Thirdly, the *Trisagion*, or *Holy! Holy! Holy!* from Isaiah vi., or, as it was also used and now is in the Roman Church⁸, *Sanctus Deus, Sanctus Fortis, Sanctus Immortalis*. Besides these there was the Morning or Angelic Hymn, beginning with the words used by the angels at the Nativity; and for the evening the hymn beginning "Hail, gladdening light!" preserved by St. Basil. These are not metrical, as they were afterwards; nor are two others of a later date, the *Te*

⁶ Editor's second Preface, p. xvi.

⁷ *Ibid.* pp. xi seq.

⁸ Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal, have mercy on us! For a full account consult Bingham's "Antiquities," b. xiv. ch. ii. sect. iii. vol. v. p. 33, ed. 1855.

Deum and the *Athanasian Creed*. They are both of Gallican origin, though the former has been ascribed to St. Ambrose. Others, however, now extant, are certainly his; others are the composition of St. Hilary, Prudentius, St. Gregory, and later saints. . . . Even such hymns as the Parisian, which are here⁹ first presented to the reader, which have no equal claims to antiquity, breathe an ancient spirit, and even where they are the work of one pen are the joint and invisible contribution of many ancient minds."

With respect to *the metres* of these ancient and mediæval hymns, there is no great variety. Now and then Horatian measures occur, and here and there the hexameter and pentameter, or the iambic senarius is employed; but the musical iambic dimeter is very prevalent, and so is the rhyming trochaic of eight syllables. The rhyme is frequent in the Parisian hymns. Sometimes the stanza is of six lines, of which the first and second rhyme together, as do the fourth and fifth, while the third and sixth, each being seven syllables, correspond in like manner. Here is an example from the York Breviary¹⁰:—

Quod in cenâ Christus gessit,
Faciendum hoc expressit
In Sui memoriam.
Docti sacris institutis,
Panem, vinum, in salutis
Consecramus hostiam.

In the same hymn some stanzas are of eight lines, of which one, two, and three rhyme, as do five, six, and seven, while four and eight go together. Thus:—

⁹ Forming nearly half of the whole selection.

¹⁰ Part I. p. 142.

Ecce panis Angelorum,
 Factus cibus viatorum,
 Verè panis filiorum,
 Non mittendus canibus.
 In figuris præsignatur,
 Cum Isaac immolatur;
 Agnus Paschæ deputatur,
 Data manna patribus.

One of the best specimens of this class is that beautiful hymn¹¹ from the York Breviary, the author of which is unknown;—beautiful, I mean, as a specimen of this kind of accentuated rhyme, but useless to us on account of the invocations of the Virgin Mary, which take up two-thirds of the whole. I give the first four stanzas as an excellent illustration of the style:—

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
 Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
 Dum pendebat Filius;
 Cujus animam gementem
 Contristantem et dolentem
 Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
 Fuit illa benedicta

Mater Unigeniti;
 Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,
 Et tremebat, cum videbat
 Nati pœnas inclyti!

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
 Christi Matrem si videret
 In tanto supplicio?

¹¹ Part I. p. 153.

Quis posset non contristari
 Piam Matrem contemplari
 Dolentem cum Filio?
 Pro peccatis suæ gentis
 Vidit Jesum in tormentis
 Et flagellis subditum.
 Vidit suum dulcem Natum
 Morientem, desolatum,
 Dum emisit spiritum.

Another remarkable illustration of the Latin rhyme is found in the hymn on St. Mary Magdalene, from the Sarum Breviary, of which I adduce the first stanza¹²:—

Collaudemus Magdalenæ
 Lacrymas et gaudium :
 Sonent voces laude plenæ
 De concentu cordium ;
 Ut concordet philomelæ
 Turturis suspirium !

And let me add one excellent specimen of the musical trochaic, from the York Breviary¹³:—

O beatus ortus ille,
 Virgo cum puerpera
 Edidit nostram Salutem
 Fœta Sancto Spiritu,
 Et puer, Redemptor orbis,
 Os sacratum protulit
 Sæculorum sæculis.

¹² Part I. p. 108.

¹³ Ibid. p. 123. And note that these lines are borrowed from Prudentius. See Cathemer. 9. 19 seqq.

It may be observed that there is here no rhyme, and no violation of prosody. The first, third, and fifth lines of the stanza are pure trochaic dimeters; the second, fourth, and sixth are the same though catalectic, that is, wanting a syllable, and the seventh line is of the same nature.

But enough about these ancient and mediæval hymns¹⁴. We admit that they have all their respective merits and beauties, and they cannot fail to create in the mind of the pious reader many good and godly emotions; yet they are somewhat deficient in that spiritual unction and joy in Christ which are the very life and soul of our evangelical poetry since the era of the Reformation. At least, so those will think with me who prize grace more than sacraments, and, much as they love the Church, love her Saviour better. I, too, admit that Ambrose, Prudentius, Gregory, Paul the Deacon, and others, even Thomas Aquinas and Bellarmine, are good in their way; but at the same time I consider them far exceeded by our modern Christian psalmodists and poets, such as Toplady, Doddridge, Watts, Wesley, Newton, Kelly, Montgomery, Heber, Keble, and many others, whose thoughts, at least partially and by selection, I have endeavoured to reproduce in my Latin versions of their English hymns. The reason of the difference is obvious. Those patristic and mediæval writers dealt more with the facts, histories, sacramentals, and various ecclesiastical matters, conjoined more or less with an objective ritual; but the Puritan

¹⁴ Interesting and ample information on the entire subject may be found in Archbishop Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry," a very interesting work, with which I did not become acquainted till the completion of my *Hymnologia* as now published, the Archbishop having kindly presented me with a copy of his own work on hearing of my intended publication.

and Protestant authors of our modern Christian hymns breathed the freer atmosphere of the subjective system, and naturally have rather dwelt on grace, experience, temptation, exercise, the love and sympathies of Christ, the work of the Holy Spirit, the attributes of God, the triumphs of the Cross, the conversion of men, the kingdom of Jesus, and a vast variety of topics which have been realized under the full and free development of the Gospel.

3. George Buchanan, so well known as a literary man and controversialist during the greater part of the 16th century, was born in 1506, of poor but respectable parents, and of an ancient stock, at Killairn, in Scotland. In early youth he served in the army, and afterwards became a student of the University of St. Andrew. He acted as tutor in the families of various noblemen, and having embraced the Protestant faith, and used his pen most freely in exposing the cheats and hypocrisies of the Franciscans and others, he was at times much persecuted, and went through many vicissitudes of fortune, both at home and abroad. Nevertheless he was, in 1566, the Principal of St. Leonard's College, at St. Andrew's, and was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1567, by whom he was appointed preceptor to James VI. He died in 1582. That very day his *Historia Rerum Scotticarum* was published,—a work that has been compared with the best of the classical authors, as being written with so much vigour and in the purest Latinity.

Buchanan composed largely in Latin verse, and was the author of very good translations of the *Medea* and the *Alcestis* of Euripides; while among the fruits of his pen were the tragedies of John the Baptist and Jephtha's Vow, besides a book of hendecasyllables, iambics, elegiacs, numerous epigrams, and other pieces too many to de-

scribe. However, it is only his metrical versions of the Psalms of David that have to do with my work. These were rendered into a variety of metres during an imprisonment in a monastery in Portugal, when he was elderly, through the machinations of his inveterate enemies, the Franciscans. These versions are, upon the whole, so well done that they cannot be otherwise than valuable, and it strikes me that their republication, after so long an interval, might be useful and acceptable.

The various metres Buchanan employed will be briefly described in the third chapter of this Introduction.

4. The version of the same psalms, by Arthur Johnston, who flourished in the early and middle part of the last century,—my copy of his work, a second edition, is dated in 1742,—is done exclusively in elegiac metre, *more Ovidiano*, and very well has the task been executed. Only the 119th Psalm is rendered in other metres, a distinctive metre being used for each separate portion of that peculiar Psalm,—*Aleph* in Alcaic, *Beth* in Sapphic, *Gimel* in Asclepiad and Glyconic, *Dalet* in Asclepiad only, *He* in alternating trochaic and iambic, and so on. *Nun* is done in iambic trimeter, alternating with the elegiambus, as it is termed, that is, an iambic dimeter, two dactyls, and a syllable, as, e. g. in the 13th Epode of Horace :—

Nivesque deducunt Jovem ; nunc mare, nunc silvæ.

But enough, and let me hasten to explain in the next part, and a little more in detail, the natures of these metres, the rules for their formation, and some varieties of their possible combinations.

R. B.

CHAPTER III.

A brief view of the Latin metres generally, and more particularly of those adopted in this work, intended to assist the junior readers of these Latinized hymns.

1. FEET.

EVERY measure has its appropriate feet and respective number of syllables, whether the metre be dactylic, anapestic, iambic, trochaic, choriambic, or otherwise, and these are the varieties of feet in use:—

1. DACTYL,—one long syllable followed by two short, as *cārmină*.
2. ANAPEST,—the reverse, viz. two short followed by one long, as *rēdīcens*.
3. SPONDEE,—the equivalent of either of the preceding, two long syllables, as *pērnoŕ*.
4. IAMB,—short before long, as *īnōps*.
5. TROCHEE¹,—the reverse, as *mūltūs*.
6. PYRRHIC,—two short syllables, as *pīŕs*.
7. TRIBRACH,—three short syllables, the equivalent of iamb or trochee, as *dōmīnūs*.

¹ Sometimes termed *choree*.

8. **MOLOSSUS**,—the opposite of the tribrach, consisting of three long syllables, as *dōctōrēs*.
9. **AMPHIBRACH**,—long between two short, as *vīdētē*.
10. **AMPHIMACER**,—the reverse, a short syllable between two long, as *cārītās*.
11. **BACCHIC**,—a short and two long, as *hōnōrēs*.
12. **ANTIBACCHIC**,—the reverse, as *clāmārē*.
13. **PROCELEUSMATIC**,—compounded of a double Pyrrhic, and being the equivalent of a dactyl or an anapaest, as *hōmīnībūs*.
14. **DISPONDEE**,—or double spondee in one word, as *ōrātōrēs*.
15. **DIYAMB**,—brace of iambs, or iambic syzygy, as *āmēnitās*.
16. **DITROCHEE**,—or trochaic syzygy, just the opposite of the foregoing, as *cāntīlēnā*.
17. **ANTISPAST**,—compounded of an iamb and trochee, as *gūbērnārē*.
18. **CHORIAMB**,—the reverse, and consequently the equivalent, as *pōntīficēs*.
19. **IONIC MAJOR**,—consisting of a spondee and Pyrrhic, as *dūlcīssimūs*.
20. **IONIC MINOR**,—the reverse, as *mīsērārūm*.
21. **THE FOUR PÆANS** are also compounded feet, of which the characteristic is one long syllable in conjunction with three short, and that in four ways,—
 1. A trochee and a Pyrrhic, as *Lætitīā*.
 2. An iamb and Pyrrhic, as *pōtēntīā*.
 3. A Pyrrhic and trochee, as *ālīenūs*.
 4. A Pyrrhic and iamb, as *cēlēritās*.

Thus the long syllable holds the first, second, third, or fourth place.
22. **THE FOUR EPITRITES** are the opposites to all this,

having each one short syllable conjoined with three long, thus,—

1. Iamb and spondee, as *săcērdōtēs*.
2. Trochee and spondee, as *dīctitābānt*.
3. Spondee and iamb, as *cōncōrdiā*.
4. Spondee and trochee, as *ādvētārē*.

Such are the multitudinous feet. I have only to add that in this little work the feet chiefly employed, according to the usual methods of scanning, are dactyls, spondees, anapæsts rarely, tribrachs seldom, iambs, trochees, and choriamb; but there are methods of scansion which would call the compounded feet into use, instead of the simple forms, as might be exemplified in many of the Odes of Horace.

2. METRES.

The metres² themselves are formed by appropriate combination of feet, as the feet are formed by the connexion of syllables.

1. HEROIC HEXAMETERS, consisting of six feet, of which the first four may be all dactyls, or all spondees, or mixed in six different ways; but the fifth foot must be a dactyl, and the sixth a spondee. Yet, occasionally, in long poems, this rule is broken, and a spondee is found in the fifth place, as e. g.—

Proximus, at longo proximus intervallo.

But this is done designedly, the poet wishing to convey by the very rhythm the idea of the gap between the racer a-head and his competitor,—the next, indeed, though far behind, and *slow* comparatively.

² A metre is a single foot in all dactylic systems, two feet in iambics and trochaics, and one foot in choriambics and the like.

2. **ELEGIAC**,—used so amply by Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius,—consisting of the hexameter coupled with a dactylic pentameter, viz. five feet, or twice two and a half, of which the first portion may be formed in four ways, viz. two dactyls or two spondees, or dactyl and spondee, or spondee and dactyl, and a long syllable; but the second portion must invariably consist of two dactyls and a syllable, e. g. *arbōrībūsque cōmā*, which might otherwise be called a choriamb and anapæst.

3. **ALCAIC**, so common in Horace. Each stanza has four lines, of which the first two are alike, spondee or iamb, iamb, long syllable, and two dactyls. The third line consists of a spondee and iamb twice, and a long syllable, if possible in three words, thus,—

Pērjū|ră pūg|nācēs| Āchī|vōs.

It may also be scanned as two epitrites and a syllable; while the fourth line has a double dactyl and a double trochee, and is best formed thus,—

Flūmīnă| cōnstītē|rīnt ā|cūtă.

4. **SAPPHIC**, also so well known, is, in truth, a hendecasyllable system in triplets with a dactylic close, or *Versus Adonicus* as it is termed. This must invariably be a dactyl and spondee, but the Sapphic line itself consists of a trochee, spondee, dactyl, and two trochees,—

— ∪|— —|— ∪ ∪|— ∪|— ∪,

the words running into one another. The *cæsura* should fall on the fifth syllable; but it is not always so.

5. **CHORIAMBIC ASCLEPIAD**, illustrated by the well-known *Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus*, and commonly scanned as spondee, dactyl, long syllable, and two dactyls,—

— —|— ∪ ∪|—||— ∪ ∪|— ∪ ∪,

but more correctly as a choriambic line, after the Asclepiad method,—

— —|— ∪ ∪ —|— ∪ ∪ —| ∪ ∪,

which is, in fact, an Ionic Major, divided by two intervening choriamb. The rhythm of this metre is very smooth and pleasing.

6. GLYCONIC, which in Horace's third Ode alternates with the metre last described, consists of a spondee and two dactyls,—

Sic tē dīvā pōtēns Cýprī.

It may otherwise be scanned as an Ionic Major cut asunder by one choriamb, as the proper Asclepiad is by two,—

— —|— ∪ ∪ —| ∪ ∪.

7. Another choriambic form is a stanza of four lines, like the Alcaic, except that the third line is a *Pharecratius*, that is, a spondee, a dactyl, and a spondee,—

— —|— ∪ ∪|— ∪,

which also may be viewed as a choriamb mixed up with a molossus; or it might be regarded as a Glyconic Asclepiad catalectic, that is, imperfect by the final syllable. The fourth line of the stanza of this form is the Glyconic verse, described in No. 6.

8. There is yet another variety of choriambic metre, as in Horace's sixth Ode, the stanza consisting of three Asclepiads,—

Scrībē|rīs Vārřō|fōrtīs ēt hōs|tīūm,

and one Glyconic as the close,—

Mīlēs| tē dūcē gēs|sērīt.

9. And another also, as in the eighth Ode, which is in couplets of lines, the first a choriamb and Bacchic, thus,—

Lýdīa, dīc| pēr ōmnēs,

which might be resolved into a dactyl, a trochee, and a spondee; while the second line is composed of the second epitrite, two choriamb, and a Bacchic,—

Tē dēōs ō|rō Sŷbārīm| cūr prōpērās| āmāndō.

This metre did not seem suitable to me for application to any of my translations.

10. There is also the greater Asclepiad or choriambic pentameter, as exemplified in Horace's Ode to Leuconōe, the eleventh of his First Book,—

Tū nē| quāsiērīs,|| scīrē nēfās,|| quēm mīhī, quēm| tībī;

which, again, is an Ionic Major, divided by three choriamb, a *cæsura* being indispensable at the end of the first choriamb, and again at the termination of the second. This remarkable line may also be scanned as anti-spastic, thus,—

— — — ∪ | ∪ — — ∪ | ∪ — — ∪ | ∪ — ∪ ∪,

or as dactylic, thus,—

Tū nē| quāsiērī|rīs,|| scīrē nē|fās,||quēm mīhī,| quēm tībī,

and this fact proves the necessity of the double *cæsura*, so characteristic of this metre. It is employed in two instances of these versions.

11. The SENARIUS, or IAMBIC TRIMETER, consists of six feet, which may all be iambs, though it is not only lawful but useful to employ spondees in the first, third, or fifth places, especially in the fifth, which gives some *stability* to the line, if not otherwise strengthened by its use, as recommended by Horace³. The iambic trimeter

³ Ars Poet., 251 seq. :—

Syllaba longa brevi subjecta vocatur *iambus*,
Pes citus; unde etiam *trimetris* accrescere jussit
Nomen *iambæis*, cum senos redderet ictus

is sometimes catalectic, that is, short by one syllable of the last foot, and when so is in couplet with some other metre, perhaps hexameter. The tribrach sometimes replaces the iamb, its equivalent, at any rate in the earlier part of the line.

12. The IAMBIC DIMETER has four feet in two measures, and is subject to the same laws as the preceding type, with which in composition it sometimes alternates; as, for example, in Horace's first Epode,—

Bēū|tus īl|lē, qūi| prōcūl| nēgō|tīs
Ut prīs|cā gēns| mōrtā|līūm.

It may be noticed that the first line of this couplet is a pure iambic.

13. Sometimes the catalectic senarius, as mentioned above, is subjoined to the *Archilochian Heptameter*, which consists of a *Bucolic*, that is, a dactylic tetrameter and three trochees. Of this we have a good example in Horace's well-known fourth Ode, except that the twenty lines of it end invariably with a long syllable,—

Sōlvītūr| ācrīs hy|ēms grā|tā vīcē|| Vērīs| ēt Fā|vōnī,
Trāhūt|qūe sic|cās mā|chīnā| cārī|nās.

And note that the tetrameter of the first line must end with a dactyl, and its last foot must finish with the syllable, and not run into the trochee which follows.

14. The PHALISCUS is a dactylic tetrameter, of which

Primus ad extremum similis sibi ; non ita pridem,*
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
Spondæos stabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus et patiens; non ut de sede secundâ
Cederet aut quartâ socialiter.

* This would be a pure iambic.

the fourth foot is always a spondee. We have an example of this form in Horace's 7th Ode, where it is coupled with the common hexameter,—

Aūt Ephē|sōn, bīmă|rīsŭ Cōr|īntīkī.

15. The Trochaic Measures are rare in Horace; but in the 18th Ode of the 2nd Book there occurs an example of the pure TROCHAIC DIMETER CATALECTIC, that is, seven syllables, coupled with an alternating Iambic Trimeter Catalectic, thus,—

*Nōn ē|būr nē|que āurē|ūm
hēā| rēnī|dēt īn| dōmō| lăcū|năr.*

16. And occasionally an Iambic Trimeter is coupled with a Dactylic Hexameter, as in Horace's 16th Epode,—

*Altēră| jān tērī|tūr bēl|līs cī|vīlībūs| zētās,
Sūs| ēt īp|să Rō|mă vī|rībūs| rūtīt.*

With the pure Iambic this makes a very harmonious and pleasing rhythm.

17. Also we have, but not so agreeable, the Iambic Trimeter, as in the 11th Epode,—

Pēctī| nīhīl| mē sic| ūt ān|tēā| jūvāt,—

followed by what is called an *Elegiambic*, which is a composite between a Dactylic Penthemimer and an Iambic Dimeter,—

Scībērē| vērsicū|lōs|| āmō|rē pēr|cūlsūm| grāvī.

I have not found this somewhat rare form at all fitted for any of my translations.

18. And I may make the like remark of one other form, exemplified in Horace's 13th Epode, a Hexameter followed by another kind of Elegiambic, the reverse of the foregoing; that is, the first member of the line is

Iambic Dimeter, and the second a Dactylic Penthemimer, which must be two dactyls and a syllable, e. g.—

Nīrēs|quē dē|dūcūt| Jōvēm ;|| nūnc mārē,| nūnc sīlū|x̄.

19. There is one example in Horace of what we might term a *peculiar metre*, viz. in the 12th Ode of his 3rd Book, of which there is no other known example⁴; it consists of four feet, each a Minor Ionic,—

*Mīsērārūm ēst| nēque āmōrī| dārē lūdūm| nēquē dūlcē
Mālā vīnō| lāvērē āut ēx|ānīmārī| mītūētēs,—*

not a felicitous metre by any means, which is probably the reason why the poet never attempted it a second time.

SPECIAL REMARKS ON THE METRES EMPLOYED BY PRUDENTIUS IN HIS TWO BOOKS OF HYMNS.

1. A TRIPLET, consisting of a Glyconic, a Choriambic Asclepiad, and a Choriambic Pentameter, described in the 10th section of the preceding chapter; not at all a musical compound, of which there is but one example in Prudentius, viz. the Preface to the Daily Hymns,—

*Pēr qūin|quēnniā jān| dēcēm,
Nī fāl|lōr, frūmūs ;| sēptīmūs īn|sūpēr
Ānnūm| cārdō rōtāt,| dūm frūmūr| solē vōlū|bīlē.*

2. The ARCHILOCHIAN IAMBIC DIMETER, as,—

Ālēs,| dīē|ī nūn|tūs.

The peculiarity of this type is that it always has a spondee in the first and third places, and occasionally the spondee in the first foot is replaced by its equivalent the anapaest, as,—

Ānīmūs|quē sēr|vārēt|fidēm.

⁴ See the P.S. at page 29.

3. DACTYLIC TRIMETER HYPERCATALECTIC, that is, three dactyls and a syllable : Cathem. 3,—

*Ō Crūcī|fēr bōnē,| lūcisā|tōr,
Ōmnīpā|rēns, pīē,| vērbīgē|na.*

4. HENDECASYLLABLES, that is, a spondee or iamb, a dactyl, and three trochees : Cathem. 4,—

Pāsās|vīscērī|būs cī|bōqūe|sūmpītō.

5. CHORIAMBIC ASCLEPIAD, Cathem. 5, the same as Horace's 1st Ode. See Sec. 5 of the preceding chapter.

6. IAMBIC DIMETER CATALECTIC once, Cathem. 6, having a spondee or anapæst in the first place,—

*Quēm nē|mō vī|dīt ūn|quām
and
Vāriās|quē pēr|figū|rās.*

7. The HIPPONACTEAN IAMBIC TRIMETER, which has spondees always in the uneven places. See Cathem. 7,—

Gēns īn|sōlēm|tī prē|pōtiēns|jāctān|tū.

8. The well-known SAPPHIC. See before, p. 21.

9. TROCHAIC OCTONARIAN CATALECTIC, which has seven trochees and a syllable, = fifteen syllables, and allowing the replacement of the trochee by the spondee in the even feet,—Cathem. 9,—a very musical rhythm.

Ō bē|ātūs|ōrtūs|illē||Vīrgō|cūm pū|ērpē|rā.

All trochees. Or the line may be thus,—

Eccē|quēm vā|tēs vē|tūstīs||cōncī|nēbānt|sēcū|līs.

This is nothing like so musical as the first example, and it is a question whether the two forms ought to coexist in the same short poem. I don't think we need the *spondæos stabiles* so *socialiter* here. I would banish

them, or nearly so. They cause the very first line of this hymn to run heavily,—

Dā pū|ēr, plēc|trūm chō|rēis|| ūt cā|nām fī|dēlī|būs.

10. ANAPESTIC TRIMETER HYPERCATALECTIC: three anapeests and a syllable, admitting also a spondee for the anapeest in the first place,—

*Dēūs īg|nēē Fōns|ānīmā|rūm,
Vivūm| sīmūl āc| mōrībun|dūm.*

11. TROCHAIC DIMETER CATALECTIC, coupled with an IAMBIC TRIMETER CATALECTIC, as in the Preface to the Peristephanic Hymns,—

*Immō|lāt Dē|ō Pā|trī
Pīūs, |fīdē|līs, īn|nōcēns,| pūdī|cūs.*

12. CHORIAMBIC TRIMETER or GLYCONIC, after the manner of Horace's 3rd Ode. See before, sec. 6, p. 22.

13. ELEGIAC, too well known to need further comment.

14. DACTYLIC HEXAMETER, followed by the Hipponactean Iambic, Peristeph. 9. See sec. 7, preceding.

15. The ARCHILOCHIAN HEPTAMETER, the nature of which is explained in the 13th section of the 2nd part of chap. iii. of this Introduction, p. 24, followed by an Archilochian Iambic Trimeter Catalectic. See just before, sec. 11.

16. ARCHILOCHIAN DACTYLIC HEPTAMETER, as explained before, chap. iii. part 2, sec. 13, p. 22.

17. DACTYLIC ALCAIC; all the lines being the same as the first two lines of each stanza in a pure Alcaic Ode,—

— ∪ —| ∪ —| —||— ∪ ∪|— ∪ — ∪.

18. Couplets of IAMBIC TRIMETER and IAMBIC DIMETER, both explained before.

It is not necessary to make any distinct remarks on the lyrical metres used by Buchanan throughout the Psalms, or by Johnston in his version of the 119th.

P.S. to Sec. 19 on the Horatian Metres, p. 26, preceding.

I have said that there is no other known example of the peculiar metre in which Horace composed the 12th ode of his 3rd book; but recently, by the kindness of Mr. T. H. Plowman, of Bath, my attention has been drawn to the Latin poems of *Matthias Casimer Sarbievius*, the Pole, who was born in 1585, and died in 1640. In his works, Book 2, Ode 28, according to the Paris edition, 1759, we find another example of this measure, and I think it well to reproduce it here as a literary curiosity.

It will be observed that, while Horace's Ode is printed by Gesner, Doering, and the best authorities, in ten tetrameter lines of equal length, *Sarbievius* has arranged his poem in six stanzas, each consisting of two trimeters followed by a tetrameter, so making eighteen lines. The piece might also be arranged as fifteen tetrameters:—

Ad Famam:

Laudes Ladislai, Principis Poloniae Susciaque ab illâ cani oportere.

Age picti moderatrix Dea mundi,
 Quate pulso titubantes pede nimbo,
 Age, claras famulantâm quate pennas Aquilonum,
 Glacialis rege currum Cynosuræ,
 Cata spissos super imbres equitare,
 Simul Euros animavit generoso tuba cornâ.
 Tibi plausus populari vagus aurâ,
 Tibi pulcræ sociali vice laudes,
 Famulantur salientâm comitatæ chorearum.
 Tibi septem Tiberinæ juga ripæ
 Saliari cita gyro glomerantur:
 Tibi longus per apricum salit ordo thyasorum.
 Age, sacrum glacialis jubar Urse,
 Cane Medis, cane flavis Agathyræ;
 Cilicumque et pharetratis Nasamonum cane turmis.
 Tibi princeps, opulenti liquor Hermi
 Grave nomen fluviali linet auro:
 Tibi carmen pretiosâ perarabit Tagus urnâ.

CHAPTER IV.

Biographical Notices of the Authors of the Hymns selected for translation.

1. JOSEPH ADDISON : celebrated for his Latin poetry and as the elegant writer of numerous papers in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*. Born at Milston, 1672. Educated chiefly at the Charterhouse. Queen's College, Oxford, 1687, M.A. degree, 1693. Secretary to the Earl of Whar-ton, in Ireland, 1709, and again under the Earl of Sun-derland, in 1714. Secretary of State in 1717. Besides his numerous works, he designed a paraphrastic version in English of a large number of the Psalms of David, and wished to dedicate his prose and poetry for the future to religious subjects ; but his declining health compelled him to resign his office, and he died soon afterwards of asthma and dropsy, at Holland House, Kensington, on the 17th of June, 1719.

2. ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD. Born 1743. Died 1808. The authoress of many "Devotional Pieces, compiled from the Psalms and the Book of Job, &c." London, 1777. 12mo.

3. WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST, M.A., born at Cleve-dale, near Bristol, in 1796, is the second son of Charles

Bragge, Esq., who assumed the surname and arms of Bathurst, and became a member of the Privy Council. He was educated at Winchester School, and graduated at Oxford in 1818. In 1820 he was presented to the valuable Rectory of Barwick-in-Elmet, near Leeds, but resigned it in 1852, and retired from the active exercise of the ministry of the Church of England on account of scruples of conscience about the use of the Baptismal and Burial Services.

Mr. Bathurst has been for many years among the firm friends of Liturgical Revision, under the successive phases which the Association for promoting the object has assumed. Succeeding to the estate of his brother in 1863, he now resides at Lydney Park, in Gloucestershire. He is the author of several works, and among them of "Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use." All the hymns, 206 in number, are original, as well as most of the Psalms. Several of the former have found their way into collections for congregational use.

4. CHRISTOPHER BATTY. Born at Newby Cote, near Settle, Yorks, in 1715. Died at Kendal, 1797. He was for many years identified with the denomination of the Highamites, and was much in company with John and Charles Wesley.

5. EDWARD BICKERSTETH, for so many years the well-known and beloved secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and finally Rector of Watton, Herts, where, after his laborious and useful life, he died in perfect peace on February 28, 1850. His numerous works, so practical and profitable, are now published in sixteen volumes. Here it is needful to notice only his "Christian Psalmody," a most valuable compilation, which first appeared in 1833, and was enlarged to 900 pieces in 1841, to which a supple-

ment of 50 hymns more was added. His own original hymns are very few, and his proper office, in unison with his peculiar gifts, was rather for collection and classification than for original composition.

6. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, the only son of the preceding, M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, 1850, and Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead, since 1855. The editor of a Hymnal based on his father's "Christian Psalmody;" and recently of "The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer." Sampson Low and Co., London, 1870.

7. GEORGE BURDER, Minister of the Independent Chapel, Fetter Lane, London. His "Collection of Hymns from Various Authors," and intended as a supplement to Dr. Watts's Hymns, was first published in 1816. Mr. Burder was born in London, June 5, 1752. He was bred an artist, but becoming religiously impressed so early in life as his tenth year, and afterwards finding those impressions deepened under the latter part of Mr. Whitefield's preaching, he forsook his profession and became a minister of the Gospel. He has the honour of being the actual originator of the Religious Tract Society in 1799. He was also among the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and assisted at its formation in 1804. For four-and-twenty years, up to 1827, he was the unpaid secretary of the London Missionary Society. He died in 1832, after a most laborious and useful life.

8. JOSEPH DACE CARLYLE. Born at Carlisle, 1759. Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, 1794. Chaplain to Lord Elgin's embassy to the Porte in 1799. A volume of Poems, with three religious pieces at the end, was edited by his daughter the year after his death, in 1804.

9. JOHN CENNICK, a Calvinistic Methodist, who itinerated in Wales, England, and Scotland, between 1739 and 1750. He began among the colliers, with whom he was very popular. His printed sermons are characterized by great simplicity and zeal. He died of fever in London, 1755, but in the communion of the Moravians, having seceded from Whitefield in 1745.

10. WILLIAM COWPER, the celebrated didactic poet and epistolary writer. Born at Berkhamstead in 1731. Educated at Westminster School. Author of many of the Olney Hymns, which were written chiefly during the period 1769—1779, in conjunction with Mr. Newton, and published in that year, before Cowper was known as a poet. He contributed 68 hymns, but 280 were composed by Newton. Cowper was nearly fifty years of age before he commenced to write his poems. Died in 1800, in the 69th year of his age, and was buried in St. Nicholas' Church, East Dereham.

11. MARIA DE FLEURY, the authoress of Divine Poems, 1791, and some controversial works, "Antinomianism Unmasked," and other pieces against Huntingdon. Date of her death uncertain.

12. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D., the well-known author of the "Family Expositor," the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and other valuable works. A Non-conformist divine of eminence. He was born in London in 1702. In course of time was Minister at Kibworth, Market Harborough, and Northampton in succession. Died in 1751.

His numerous hymns were left behind him in manuscript, having been originally composed in connexion with many of his sermons, at the close of which they were first sung, each hymn presenting respectively the

chief features or principles of the sermon. The Hymns, 364 in number, were edited by the biographer Job Orton, in 1755. Some additional hymns were published in 1838, as taken from Dr. Doddridge's MSS.¹, under the title of "Doddridge's Scripture Hymn Book, by John Doddridge Humphreys."

13. JOHN DRYDEN, the illustrious poet. Born 1631. Died 1700. Author of the hymn, "Creator Spirit, by whose aid, &c.," which is among these versions. It is a part of Dryden's rendering of that ancient Latin Hymn which has been attributed to Charlemagne, but is now supposed to have come from the pen of Ambrose or Rabanus Maurus. See Archbishop Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry," and the Rev. J. Chandler's "Hymns of the Primitive Church." Dryden also wrote a paraphrase of the *Te Deum*.

14. MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN, the daughter of the Rev. Robert Lundie, was born at Kelso, April 26, 1814. She married the Rev. W. Wallace Duncan in 1836. The authoress of a few excellent hymns and some minor works. Died at the age of 25, January 5, 1840.

15. JAMES EDMESTON, by profession a London Architect, the author of "Sacred Lyrics," 3 vols., 12mo, London, 1821. In the same year, "The Cottage Minstrel," and "One Hundred Hymns for Sunday Schools," were published from his pen. Other hymns and poems followed, and in 1844 "Hymns for the Chamber of Sickness," and "Closet Hymns and Poems." Again "Sacred Poetry," in 1847. "Infant Breathings," of which the improved edition was so late as 1861. The only hymn of this

¹ For an interesting account of the MSS. referred to above, consult Mr. Miller's "Singers and Songs of the Church," page 174 of Longman's edition, London, 1869.

author translated in this work is that universal favourite, "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing." Mr. Miller tells us it was written by Mr. Edmeston after reading the Abyssinian Evening Hymn mentioned by Mr. Salte in his travels, "Jesus, forgive us," &c. This good Christian man was a member of the Independent denomination. He died so recently as 1867.

16. CHARLOTTE ELLIOT, the sister of the well-known author of the "*Horæ Apocalypticæ*," and grand-daughter of the celebrated preacher, the Rev. John Venn. She published, in 1842, "*Morning and Evening Hymns for a Week*;" and, in addition to other small works, she contributed 112 hymns to "*The Invalid's Hymn Book*, 1834," sixth edition, 1854.

17. JONATHAN EVANS, an earnest minister of the Congregationalists, for many years a successful preacher in the villages of Warwickshire, and pastor of a congregation at Foleshill, where he commenced his stated and fixed ministry in 1795. He died August 31, 1809. He has been commended as a man of sense, piety, activity, and fortitude, as well as a great benefactor of the poor, both by his medical assistance and his ministerial labours.

18. SIR ROBERT GRANT, born 1785, died 1838, belonged to an ancient Scotch family, and was the second son of that esteemed philanthropist, Charles Grant. Graduated at Cambridge, 1806; called to the English Bar, 1807; in Parliament for the Inverness Burghs, 1826; Privy Councillor, 1831; Governor of Bombay, 1834. In the year after his death, which took place at Dapoorie, in Western India, his elder brother, Lord Glenelg, published twelve of Sir Robert's poetical pieces, termed "*Sacred Poems*." They show what a vein of spiritual life there was in the heart of their author.

19. JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, B.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and for several years Rector of St. Mary's Church, Marylebone, where he died in middle age, much respected and beloved, 1862. Dr. Goulburn, now Dean of Norwich, who preached the funeral sermon, pays a high tribute to his memory.

20. WILLIAM HAMMOND, graduated at Cambridge about the year 1740. After 1744 he was for a time a preacher among the Calvinistic Methodists, but subsequently he left them, and with his friend Cennick joined the Moravians. His "Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs" were published in 1745. Died in 1783. We are indebted to him for that soul-stirring hymn, "Awake, and sing the song," &c., as we have it now in our books,—an abridgment of the original, which has fourteen stanzas. See p. 84 of the work referred to.

21. REGINALD HEBER, D.D., the eminent divine and elegant poet, so well known. Born at Malpas, in Cheshire, 1783. Graduated at Brasenose College, Oxford. Vicar of Hodnet, 1809; Preacher to Lincoln's Inn, 1822; Bishop of Calcutta, 1823. Died in India, 1826. "His hymns," observes Mr. Miller², "are dear to every section of the Christian Church,—elegant in structure, flowing in rhythm, and charged with Christian sentiment. . . . It is felt by all, however much they approve his hymns, that they carry the poetic element to its utmost point, and have a marked character of their own. They are usually distinguished by a rhetorical flow and an elevation of manner and imagery that threaten to take them out of the class of hymns, and rob them of the pious moderation we ordinarily expect to meet with in such productions."

² "Singers and Songs," &c., p. 378.

Before he went to India he was dissuaded by Dr. Howley, then Archbishop of Canterbury, from compiling a Hymn Book for the Church at large; but in 1812 he published a small volume of "Poems and Translations for Weekly Church Service," which has gone through many editions.

22. JOHN KEEBLE, M.A., the admired author of "The Christian Year," a very valuable addition to our English hymnology. Born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, April 25, 1792. Tutor at Oriel College, Oxford, 1814. Ordained priest, 1816. Published "The Christian Year" anonymously in 1827,—a work which has since passed through ninety-two editions. Professor of Poetry at Oxford for ten years, from 1831. Became Vicar of Hursley, Hants, in 1835. He was one of the seven contributors to the "Lyra Apostolica," in 1836, and author of "The Psalter or Psalms of David, in English Verse, by a Member of the University of Oxford," 1839. His lectures at Oxford were published in 1844, entitled "*De Poetica Vi Medica*." Died at Bournemouth, March 29, 1866.

23. THOMAS KELLY, born 1769, deceased 1855, was the only son of Judge Kelly, of Kellyville, near Athy, Queen's County, Ireland. Having passed through Trinity College, Dublin, with honours, he entered at the Temple, and while in London was intimate with Mr. Burke. Before he was called to the bar he was led to inquire into Romaine's doctrines of evangelical religion, through using that minister's edition of Calasio's Hebrew Concordance, and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. This change of views and character was followed by his ordination to the ministry of the Established Church in 1792. He became intimate with Rowland Hill the year afterwards. He became a Dis-

sender first through persecution, but eventually on principle. Possessing large private means he built chapels and maintained them at several places in his native land. He did not actually join the Congregationalists, but became a kind of Free Churchman of that time of day. He was a man of great and varied learning, well acquainted with Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic, and was an excellent Biblical critic. He was seized with paralysis while preaching, at the age of eighty-five, and died on May 14th of the year following. He was the author of some other works, but is best known for his "Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture," first published in 1804 with 96 pieces, but gradually brought up to 767 in the seventh edition, published at Dublin in 1853. Between his first and last pieces there is the long interval of nearly sixty years, but the same truths, unchanged and undiluted, pervade the whole collection. All his hymns, like their author, are earnestly evangelical. Many are of great excellence, and have occupied permanent places in various hymnals, both among Churchmen and Nonconformists. Of the hymn "We sing the praise of Him who died," Sir Roundell Palmer says, "It is distinguished by a calm, subdued power, rising gradually from a rather low to a very high key. . . . I doubt whether Montgomery ever wrote any thing quite equal to this."

24. THOMAS KEN, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells, that celebrated Nonjuror, a man of great piety and devotion. Born at Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, 1637. Educated at Winchester School and New College, Oxford. Several years Rector of Brightstone, Isle of Wight. He became Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1684, and was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower by James II. Deprived at the Revolution, 1688. Died 1710-11.

25. **MARTIN LUTHER**, the father of the Protestant Reformation. Born at Eisleben, in Lower Saxony, 1483. Ordained priest, 1507. Resisted the Pope's indulgences, 1517, and burnt his bulls, 1520. Died 1546. The most complete edition of the great man's works is that by Walch, in 24 vols. 4to, Halle, 1737-53.

26. **HENRY FRANCIS LYTE** was a native of Kelso, where he was born June 1, 1793. He graduated at Dublin, and was ordained in 1815. Up to 1818 he was worldly and irreligious, though in orders; but in that year he was sent for by a neighbouring clergyman as ungodly as himself, who found himself in a season of danger unpardoned and unprepared. They pored together for many days over the Bible, and especially the Pauline Epistles, and together, in prayer and waiting on God, they were brought to the knowledge of saving truth, and to the possession of Christian peace. On account of ill health Mr. Lyte was for a time much abroad, but in 1826 he became the incumbent of Lower Brixham, Devon, and ministered to the seafaring people there till his death, in 1847.

In 1833 he published his "Poems, chiefly Religious;" then, in 1834, a metrical version of the Psalms, termed "The Spirit of the Psalms;" and in 1846, the "Poems of Henry Vaughan, with a Memoir." He died at Nice, while travelling for his health. Lyte's hymns "are free from harshness, correct in versification, and are always full of Scriptural thought and spiritual meaning," as Mr. Miller testifies. We all know what a general favourite "Abide with me," &c., has become. It is now established in many hymnals.

27. **JOHN MARRIOTT**, the son of the Rev. Dr. R. Marriott, was born 1780, and died in 1825. He left

behind him a few hymns in manuscript, of which only the hymn, "Thou whose almighty word," has been published. It is a piece of much value.

28. HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford from 1821 to 1831; afterwards Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster; and then Dean of St. Paul's, London, from 1849 to Sept. 1868, when he died of paralysis, in his seventy-eighth year. An edition of his poetical works was published in three vols., small 8vo, London, 1840.

29. JAMES MONTGOMERY, a great name among our religious poets. He is termed by Mr. Miller "the Cowper of the Nineteenth Century," from the coexistence of great talents for Christian poetry with much timidity and almost despondency in respect of spiritual matters, so much so that he hesitated to make any open profession of his faith till his forty-fifth year, when he publicly joined the Church of the Moravians. He was born in Ayrshire, in 1771, losing both his parents, who died in their missionary work in the West Indies, in 1783, while their son was still at the Moravian seminary, at Fulneck, in Yorkshire. He was intended for a preacher, but his love of poetry, which began to show itself so early as his tenth year, diverted him from severer studies, and materially altered the course of his life. In 1792 we find him assisting Mr. Gales, at Sheffield, an auctioneer and bookseller, who printed and published the *Sheffield Register*, which Montgomery took up when Gales went into exile, and edited it under the new name of the *Iris* for upwards of thirty years. He was twice prosecuted by the State for honest sentiments, but too liberal for that time of day. While he was in prison John Pye Smith, who eventually became so eminent among the Congregationalists, con-

ducted the *Iris*, and Montgomery consoled himself by the composition of short poems, his "Prison Amusements," which appeared in 1797. His works are too numerous to mention here, but after his "Course of Lectures on Poetry and General Literature," 1830-31, at the Royal Institution, and published in 1833, he was granted a royal pension of 200*l.* a year. His numerous hymns are invaluable, as giving full expression to the best thoughts of believers. He died at Sheffield, in his sleep, on the 30th of April, 1854, at the venerable age of eighty-two. His "Songs of Zion, being Imitations of the Psalms," were published in 1822; and his "Christian Psalmist, or Hymns Selected and Original," in 1825, containing 562 pieces, of which 103 are by himself. From this work his hymns now used in the churches are chiefly taken. Another volume of "Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion," is dated 1853.

30. JOHN MASON NEALE, M.A., Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, Sussex. Born 1818. Died so recently as 1866. He was the author or editor of numerous liturgical works and controversial papers, mostly in favour of the High Church and Ritualistic movement. "Hymns for Children, intended for the Use of Village Schools," 3rd edit., London, 1848, 12mo. Also "Hymns for the Sick," 2nd edit., square 18mo, London, 1850. For an exhaustive account of Mr. Neale's Translations, Paraphrases, Compilations, and Original Hymns, the reader is referred to Mr. Miller's "Singers and Songs," &c., pp. 537—544. His most esteemed rendering, "Jerusalem the golden," &c. (1851), is that from the celebrated Bernard of Morlaix, a monk of the famous Abbey of Cluny, in France (1150). For Archbishop Trench's remarks see the eighth note of the First Appendix.

31. JOHN NEWTON, the celebrated Rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, from 1779 till his death in 1807. Born in London, 1725. He was brought up to the sea, and led a most irregular and wicked life till 1748, when he became a changed man, and a firm believer in the Gospel of Christ. By dint of decision and perseverance he made himself master of Latin and Greek, and was ordained to the curacy of Olney, Bucks, 1764, where, the companion and friend of Cowper, he composed many of the Olney Hymns. His *Cardiphonia* is among the most interesting of his works. Died 1807. This is not the place for more: but for an ample and interesting account of this remarkable man the reader is referred to Mr. Miller's "Singers and Songs of the Church," pp. 237—242, London, 1869.

32. The Hon. and Rev. GERAARD THOMAS NOEL. Born 1782. Died at the vicarage of Romsey, Hants, Feb. 24, 1851. He published (3rd edition, 1820) "A Selection of Psalms and Hymns from the New Version of the Church of England, and Others, Corrected and Revised for Public Worship." Out of the 220 pieces several hymns are Mr. Noel's. For some time he was Vicar of Rainham, Kent, but in 1834 he became a Canon of Winchester, and Vicar of Romsey in 1840. He was the younger brother of the first Earl of Gainsborough, but older than the celebrated Baptist W. Noel, who still survives.

33. THOMAS OLIVERS was born in 1725, at Tregonan, Montgomeryshire, of very humble parents, whom he lost when only four years old. At eighteen he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker, but was obliged to leave the neighbourhood in consequence of his evil conduct; but some time afterwards he was converted at Bristol, under a sermon by Whitefield, on the words, "Is not this

a brand plucked out of the fire?" He presently became connected with Wesley, and commenced itinerating and preaching October 1, 1753. He died suddenly in London, 1799.

34. EDWARD PERRONET was one of the sons of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, well known as an Evangelical clergyman, and Vicar of Shoreham, in Sussex, for half a century. It is mentioned in *Lady Huntingdon's Memoirs* (vol. ii. p. 135) that Charles and Edward Perronet were for a short time preachers in Wesley's connexion. Charles died in 1776, but Edward lived on till 1792. But he was too much opposed to the Church system even for Lady Huntingdon, and after his severe satire under the title of "The Mitre," he seceded, and preached for many years to a small congregation of Dissenters. It is recorded that he expired with these last words;—"Glory to God in the height of His divinity! Glory to God in the depth of His humanity! Glory to God in His all-sufficiency! Into His hands I commend my spirit!"

35. ROBERT ROBINSON. For a full account of this eccentric character, who was born at Swaffham, in 1735, the reader is referred to Mr. Miller's work as before, pp. 263—269. He was a man of ungovernable impetuosity and excessive love of liberty. He belonged to the Baptist denomination, and ministered to a large congregation at Cambridge; but in his latter years he followed Dr. Priestly, and became "one of the most decided Unitarians of the age, but never a mere Humanitarian." In the year 1790, while on a visit to Dr. Priestly, at Birmingham, for whom he was going to preach, he was found dead in his bed. The few but excellent hymns were composed before he lapsed into his Arian or Unitarian errors.

36. JOHN RYLAND, D.D. Born 1753. Died 1825. He was a most respectable member and minister of the Baptist persuasion, having been received into his father's congregation at Warwick in his fourteenth year. Became, in 1781, co-pastor with his parent, then in charge of a congregation at Northampton. He co-operated with Carey, Fuller, and Sutcliffe, and originated the Baptist Missionary Society in 1792. He was the author of several works, but his earliest productions were poetical. He composed ninety-nine hymns, commencing from his twentieth year, at intervals, till the time of his death. They are very useful, but seldom rise much above the level. One of his best pieces is the hymn, "Sovereign Ruler of the skies."

37. THOMAS SCOTT, who died about the year 1776, was the son of an eminent Dissenting minister at Norwich, Dr. Daniel Scott. He first settled in the ministry at Lowestoft, but in 1737 he became co-pastor with Mr. Baxter at Ipswich, minister of the Presbyterian congregation there, and succeeded to the sole pastorate in 1740, and continued till 1774. He was the author of several works. His "Lyric Poems and Hymns Devotional and Moral," were first published in 1773. Other hymns by Mr. Scott are given in Dr. William Enfield's "Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms," 1772.

38. MRS. ANN STEELE. Born of Baptist parents 1716. Died 1778. Her "Hymns, Psalms, and Poems," 144 in number, were published by Mr. Sedgewick in 1865.

39. THOMAS STERNHOLD, the first translator of the Psalms of David into English verse, in which work he was largely assisted by JOHN HOPKINS and others. The complete work was first published in 1562. Hopkins was

admitted B.A. at Oxford, 1544. Sternhold died 1549. The best edition is that of London, 1718, 8vo.

40. NAHUM TATE, the chief writer of the metrical Psalms of David now in use. Born in Dublin, 1652. Poet Laureate, 1690. Died 1715. His auxiliary in making the New Version was Dr. NICHOLAS BRADY, who was born at Bandon, 1659. After the Revolution he came to England and was for some years Rector of Clapham. Died 1727.

41. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, an able Calvinistic Divine. Born at Farnham, Surrey, 1740. Educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Dublin. Came from Broad Hembury, Devonshire, to London in 1775, where he ministered in a chapel near Leicester Square. Died 1778. His works are very numerous. His "Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Worship," with some additions by himself, was published after his death, London, 1787, 12mo. The date of the first edition is unknown.

42. ISAAC WATTS, D.D., one of the most celebrated of the Dissenting divines. He was born at Southampton, 1674. In 1698 he was one of the ministers in charge of the Independent congregation in Mark Lane. From this he retired, in consequence of severe illness, in 1712, and was afterwards, for six and thirty years, the inmate of the house of Sir Thomas Abney, at Theobalds. Died 1748. "Few men," says Dr. Johnson, "have left such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons to the enlightened readers of Malebranche and Locke."

Mr. Miller says, "Singers and Songs," &c., p. 129, "It is as a writer of psalms and hymns that Dr. Watts is known every where, and justly held in high estimation. Some of his hymns were written to be sung after his

sermons, the hymn in each case giving expression to the meaning of the text upon which he had been discoursing. Produced as they were wanted, some of these hymns lack the fire and genius of poetry. He apologises for the absence of poetic form and display on the ground of his desire to write on the level of ordinary worshippers. . . . Yet all will admit that many of his hymns are of unparalleled excellence. Montgomery styles him *the greatest name among hymn writers*, and the corrected judgment of modern times gives him his deserved place of honour."

43. JOHN WESLEY, the far-famed founder of Methodism with the Arminian type of doctrine, as was his contemporary, George Whitefield, of the Calvinistic phase of the same religious school, Born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, 1703. A pupil at Charterhouse School, 1714, from whence he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford. Made Deacon by Bishop Potter in 1725; Fellow of Lincoln, 1725; and Greek Lecturer and Examiner the next year. Priest, 1728. Went to Georgia, in the United States, in 1735; returned to England, 1738; and after many years of Evangelical preaching and religious controversy, died in 1791.

44. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A., the brother of the preceding, and the chief composer of the hymns. Born 1708, and educated at Westminster School, 1716, and Christ Church, Oxford, 1726. Ordained, 1735. Went with his brother John to Georgia, and preached the Gospel to the Red Indians. A popular man among the Methodists for many years. Died 1788. For an ample account of the numerous editions of the Wesley hymns the reader is referred to Mr. Miller's book as before, p. 185.

45. HENRY KIRKE WHITE, whose "Remains, with

an Account of his Life," were published by Robert Southey, and had reached the tenth edition (2 vols. 8vo) in 1823. He was born at Nottingham in 1785, and after a studious career for a short time at St. John's College, Cambridge, died in 1806, a youth of great promise.

P.S.—Mr. Miller, whose valuable work I am able to quote with so much satisfaction, gives a biographical and partly a bibliographical account of 528 writers of hymns, from Clement of Alexandria, who died in 217, to Ada Cambridge, who is still living. He has printed the initial lines of quite 2000 English hymns which are either original, or translations or adaptations of ancient Greek or Latin mediæval hymns, or paraphrases of certain psalms, while some are taken from German hymns. The century translated in this work is but a drop in the ocean.

The reader is also reminded of a valuable book by Archbishop Trench on Sacred Latin Poetry, fraught with information on the subject of which it treats. Macmillan, London, 1864, crown 8vo.

R. B.

January, 1871.

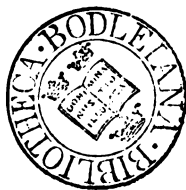
Part I.

THE DACTYLIC AND OTHER WELL- KNOWN METRES,

AFTER THE MANNER OF

The Poets of the Augustan Age.

The date of the year of the author's death is added to his name, respectively, at the top of the page. The absence of a date implies that the author is living.



TOPLADY, 1787.

**“ I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover
thee with my hand,” &c.—EXOD. xxxiii. 22.**

ROCK OF AGES, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands.
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,—
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,—
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;—
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

ELEGIAC.

O RUPES ÆTERNA, mihi percussa, recondar
In Te, Tuque, precor, sis mihi perfugium !
Da veniam, laterisque Tui qui vulnere fissi
Sanguis abundavit, lymphaque pura simul,
Et sonti et misero, duplici medicamine, prosint ;
Peccati pereant culpaque visque mei !
Te purgante meum cor crimine, dulcis Iësu ;
Te parcente mihi, Te renovante Tuum !
Nam neque divitiæ, manuum neque mille labores,
Perficerent quæ nos Lex Tua pura jubet.
Pectore si nunquam fervor cessaret abundans,
Si lacrymæ semper defluerint oculis,—
Omnia peccatis nec justa piacula ferrent,
Nec placitura Deo, me facerentve bonum.
Tu solus servare potes, Tu solus, Iësu ;
Ni Tua defendat dextera, depereo.
Nil habeo, nil ferre manu, nil pendere possum ;
Ad Te, Te venio, nudus, inermis, inops !
Æternumque meo solam, Salvator, habebo
Amplexu, sine Te perditus ipse, crucem.
Vestimenta mihi dones ; mihi præbe salutem,
Vires, virtutem, divitiasque Tuas !
Sit mea, Salvator, Tua gratia ; sit nova de Te
Mundities, fias victus opesque mihi !
Namque Tui fontem prope fusi sanguinis adsto,
Et pereo, ni me laveris Ipse manu.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death ;
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

•• The twenty-four English lines are found to require thirty-six in Latin.

“ I will both lay me down,” &c.—Ps. iv. 8.

Four stanzas only of the Second Hymn, as published the author's “Christian Year,” consisting originally fourteen stanzas.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near.
 Oh may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

Abide with me from morn to eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live ;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought,—How sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Sic equidem dum vita brevis, dum spiritus artus
Hos regit, et quando vis labefacta cadet ;—
Languentes oculos quando mors claudet obumbrans,
Assurgamque tremens ad nova regna Dei,
Et regio nec nota mihi, nec visa vocabit,
Et trepidus solium, Christe, videbo Tuum,
Et Te judicium dantem, justissime Vindex,
Et stabo Domini pallidus ante pedes,—
O Rupes Æterna, mihi percussa, recondar
In Te, Tuque, precor, sis mihi perfugium !

Nov. 13, 1869.

Ad Iesum Christum.

SOL animæ vitæque meæ, prædulcis Iësu,
Si steteris prope me nox tenebrosa fugit.
Ne se terrigenâ glomerant caligine nubes,
Quæ veniant inter Te famulumque Tuum !

Mane novo mecum, sis mecum vespere primo,
Nam sine Te, Jesu, vivere non potero :
Atque habita prope me quando nox ingruit atra,
Nam timeo sine Te solus, Amice, mori.

Et quoties somnum madidis irrorat ocellis,
Et genialis habet lumina clausa sopor ;
Christe, Tuo gremio quàm dulce quiescere semper !
Ultima defesso sit meditata mihi.

.

.



Gratior et rediens benedic mihi mane, diurnas
Nec sine Te mundi coner obire vias ;
Oceano dum care Tui, Salvator, amoris
Obruitur cœli sedibus ipsa fides !
Amen.

v. 17, 1869.

In Domini Adventum.

LÆTA vox cœli resonat per auras,
Et Dei jussu rediens Iesus
Advenit, nostri generis Beatus
Ille Redemptor !

Omne cor sedem paret Huic, thronusque
Omne sit pectus Domino regenti ;
Atque vox omnis nova cantilenæ
Carmina fundat !

Advenit nexos Satanæ catenis
Ferreis ut jam faciat solutos ;
Ut Necis portæ pereant ahenæ, et
Vincla Gehennæ.

Advenit noctis tenebras ocellis
Mentis ut pellat vitii que labem ;
Atque diffundat nova sempiternæ
Lumina vitæ.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the riches of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

“ There remaineth rest to the people of God,” &c.

HEB. iv. 9.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign :
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land and ours.

Oh could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes ;—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's

Advenit cordi ut medicetur icto,
 Sauciam sanans animam, daturus
 Pauperi gratam populo salutem
 Divitiasque.

Te, redux mundo pereunte Victor,
 Gloriæ et pacis Dominum canemus,
 Et Tuum cælo supero sonabit
 Nomen amatum !

Nov. 29, 1869.

Terra Incognita.

EXTAT terra procul Sanctis habitata beatis,
 Perpetuus quæ sol, quæ sine fine dies.
 Salvatoris ibi regnant in pace redempti ;
 Mœrorem et gemitus gaudia pura fugant.
 Permanet æternum totos ver dulce per annos,
 Nullus ibi languens flosculus emoritur.
 Has autem sedes, nostrâ tellure remotas,
 Dividit exiguo mors obeunda freto.
 O utinam, dubitante sinu meditata recedant,
 Quæ toties nigro mixta dolore premunt !
 Ut liquidis oculis Canaan videamus amatam,
 Christus ubi dextrâ Numinis ipse sedet ;
 Adque apicem Pisgæ veniamus, quo moriturus
 Dux vidit populo rura futura suo !
 O si quæ steterat Moses staremus, et inde
 Læti cœlestes aspiceremus agros ;
 Non freta Jordani, nec frigida flumina Mortis,
 Nos possent propriâ terrificare domo !

Dec. 1, 1869.

"Thy footsteps are not known."—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower,

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Secreta Domini.

SECRETIS miranda viis opera omnia Numen
Efficit Omnipotens.
Oceano ingreditur magno, placidusque procellæ
Viribus imperitat.

Artis inauditæ sine fundo servat abyssæ
Omnia consilia ;
A nostris celans oculis peragenda, sed Ipsi
Tempore quæque suo.

O timidi, vobis nova sit fiducia, sancti ;
Roboret atque Deus.
Quas tremitis tumidæ nubes implentur amore,
Et benedicta ferent !

Ne Deus in nostrâ trutinâ pendatur, ut ipsi
Judicium facinus
Nobiscum fragiles. Sævi post nubila facti
Vultus amicus adest.

Quin maturabit proprias consulta per horas
Nocte dieque Deus.
Et quantas flos ipse, calyx quamvis sit amarus,
Delicias referet !

Luce quidem cassis oculis incredulus errat,
Nec reget ulla fides.
At Deus interpres Suus est, et tempore pandet
Quàm bona sint opera,
Ante oculos hominum. Solus gerat Ipse coronam
Et valeat Dominus !

Dec. 3, 1869.

“*Touched with a feeling,*” &c.—Hsa. iv. 15.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught shall tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies;
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

See Note 1, of Appendix I.

Deus mihi Perfugium.

QUUM circumcirca glomerantia nubila cernam,
Quum tenebrosa dies, et rarior adsit amicus,
Ad Dominum fugio, qui nostra expertus amara
Noverit omne malum. Potis est namque Ille timores
Emollire meos, medicari et rebus egenis,
Dum numerat famuli lacrymas servatque Fidelis.

Sin ego, quos monstrat cœli sapientia calles
Deseruisse velim, renuans meliora, bonumque
Quod sequar evitans, peccans quâ culpa nefasque
Aufugienda, tamen mihi Dux, tentatus et Ipse,
Semper adest, laterique meo stans proximus, omni
Quæque pericla manu avertens custodiet horâ.

Quum lapidem superincumbens contemplar amici
Quâ recubant cineres, cui vox, manus, effigiesque
Sunt mihi mœrenti modicùm Genitore negata,
Dividit et nos mors ; ut te deflevit Iesus,
Lazare, defunctum, sic me notat Ipse, measque
Observat lacrymas madidis Salvator ocellis.

Anxia dum miseræ torquent mea pectora curæ,
Emoriturque timore novo mihi spiritus, Ille,
Qui semel, ærumnas haud indignatus acerbas
Ferre sinu, sensit malesani dira doloris,
Molliter ægroto cordi medicatus, amaras
Præsens siccabit lacrymas oculosque fluentes.

And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

“**Let there be light.**”—GEN. i. 3.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,—
Sight to the inly blind,
Health to the sick in mind,
Oh now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light.

Ivero quum tutus totidem per prælia vitæ,
 Et mihi sola manet mors ultima linea rerum,
 Tum, moriente Tuo, Deus immutabilis adsis !
 Doctus et Ipse vias nostras sis fidus, Iësu,
 Tu comes ad lectum, retegas innubile cælum,
 Ire viam doceas, abigasque in fine dolores !

Dec. 14, 1869.

Ad Sanctam Trinitatem.

Tu, cujus Orbis principio novi
 Voces tremendas, Omnipotens Deus,
 Audivit ingens Nox, et atris
 Ipse Chaos trepidavit alis,—

Audi, Jehovah, nos famulos Tuos,
 Et quæ nefastæ pacificus dies
 Ignotus est genti, precamur,
 Lumina sint benedicta Vitæ !

O qui supernis sedibus advenis,
 Visum et salutem cœlitûs afferens,—
 In corde cæcis visionem,
 Pectoribus miseris salutem,—

Optatus adsis ! Nota potentia
 Totum per orbem sit Tua ! Densior
 Quacunque nox gentes obumbrat
 Lumina sint benedicta Vitæ !

O Veritatis Fons, mera Caritas,
 Sensus renatos vivifica meos.
 Divina descendens Columba,
 Huc venias rapido volatu !

Summas per undas, Spiritus, incuba !
 Attolle miræ lampada gratiæ !
 Quacunque nox instat profunda,
 Lumina sint benedicta Vitæ !

Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world, far and wide,
 Let there be light.

“*Grate, grate unto it.*”—ZECCH. iv. 7.

GRACE! 'tis a joyful sound,
Harmonious to the ear :
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days :
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,

Tres ter Beati sed Deus Unicus,
 Sacrata juncto numine Trinitas,
 Æterna cœlorum Potestas,
 Omnipotens, Sapiens, Creator,—
 Terras ut omnes Oceanus vagus
 Cingit superbè, sic famulis Tuis,
 Salvator, hic illic perennis
 Lumina sint benedicta Vitæ!

Dec. 17, 1869.

Gratia Divina.

GRATIA, quàm dulcis vox nostris auribus illa !
 Sonusque lætus quàm mihi redempto !
 Omne triumphali reboabit carmine cœlum,
 Chorunque tellus audiet canentem.

Gratia prima viam nobis monstravit amicam,
 Redempta quâ gens tuta sit periclo;
 Et methodus felix hominem servare rebellem
 Dei benignam gratiam docebit.

Gratia me jussit cursus renuare priores
 Viasque sacri quæritare cœli.
 Gratia quâque die, Christo fautore, novatur,
 Deique dono largiter redundat.

Gratia sola potest facere et servare beatos,
 Nostræ salutis causa sempiternæ :
 Sola potest cœlo lapidem mox ponere summum,
 Ut laus sit ipsi Gratia perennis !

Dec. 2, 1869.

“Earnestly Desiring,” &c.—2 COR. v. 2.

As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He sees his home, though distant still;—

Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for trouble past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day:
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away.

Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil when on the road.

Viator.

UT quando fessus longâ regione viator
 Culmina summa tenet pedetentim
 Collis, et inde domum propriamque aspexerit urbem,
 Corda timore novo trepidavit :
 Sic Christi famulus, vitæ per acuta laborans,
 Si videat domicilia cœli
 Debita credenti, renovat sua pectora visu,
 Acceleratque gradum, duplicatis
 Passibus, aligeroque ruens ad præmia cursu
 Exhilaratur imagine finis ;
 Nec dolet exhaustis jam mille laboribus ; ullam
 Mœstitiam gemitusve futuros
 Non metuit, tutus modo tantum in fine veniret
 Ipse domum, Genitore volente ;—
 “ Hæc,” dicens, “ æterna mihi domicilia, semper
 “ Cum Domino regionibus altis
 “ Degere jam mihi sors, et longum dicere curis
 “ Innumeris lacrymisque Valete !
 “ Omnis enim spes nostra in Te consistit, Iësu,
 “ Ducere nos, domibusque supernè
 “ Ponere persuasos quod sedes ultima tollet
 “ Præteritæ mala maxima vitæ.”

Dec. 21, 1869.

Salvator Redur.

LÆTITIA in mundo ! Dominus nam venit Iësus !
 Accipiat Regem terra subacta suum.
 Illi quisque suo decoratum corde sacellum
 Præparet, atque omnis res animata canat !

Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns :
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy !

Let the whole earth His love proclaim
With all her different tongues
And spread the honour of His Name
In melody and songs.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :
He comes to make His blessing flow,
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
The wonders of His love !

“ Surely goodness and mercy,” &c.—Ps. xxiii.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,

Lætitia in terris ! Homines nova carmina fundant,
 Nam Salvator adest, regnat ubique Deus !
 Lætitia in terris ! Campi, cita flumina, colles,
 Rupes, prata, nemus, dulce melos repetant !

Illius immensum tellus proclamet amorem,
 Quotque hominum linguæ carmina mille sonent !
 Illius omnipotens Nomen celebretur, et Illi
 Multimodo proprius carmine detur honos !

Absint hinc gemitus, lacrymæ, peccata, dolores ;
 Exulet hinc sterilis sentis et herba nocens !
 Nam venit, ut, quacunquē malum mortalibus ægris
 Instat, abundanti det benedicta manu.

Advenit, ut mundum renovet, nec gratia desit,
 Sed virtute Suos justitiâque regat ;
 Et quantæ bonitatis opes gens nostra redempta
 Discat, quantus amor, gloria quanta Dei !

Dec. 11, 1869.

In Benefactorum Memoriam.

PECTORE quum memori, Deus Optime, dona recorder
 Immeritamque Tuam bonitatem
 In me, qui toties peccavi, Patris amore
 Mens stupefacta mihi trepidavit.

Donaque mille decem decies numerata quotannis
 Omnimodo mea carmina poscunt :
 Nec minimum est quod corde doces Te semper habere,
 Lætitiaque frui benefactis.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renewed my face ;
 And, when in sin and sorrows sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 But oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise !

See Note 2 of Appendix I.

“ **Sorrow not,**” &c.—1 THESS. iv. 13.

THOU art gone to the grave,—
 But we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness
 Encompass the tomb ;
 The Saviour hath passed through
 Its portal before thee,
 And the lamp of His love
 Is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave,—
 We no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of
 The world by thy side ;

Meque Tuum donis cumulabas, mi Pater, amplius
 Innumerabilibusque, priusquam
 Pectore cor puerile meo cognoverit unde
 Munera tot totiesque fluebant.

Ægrotoque mihi faciem redeunte salute
 Sæpius Ipse volens renovâsti :
 Et, quoties pressère malo peccata, dedisti
 Tu veniam requiemque precanti.

Gratia sic in me memorabitur omne per ævum,
 Deque Tuo meditabor amore ;
 Et post fata, novis regionibus, usque perennis
 Nobile musa melos Tibi fundet.

Æternumque, Pater, lætantia carmina tollam,
 Gloria quâ sine fine redemptis :
 Ast æterna dies brevior quàm dicere possem
 Debita tota Tuæ bonitati !

Dec. 25, 1869.

Melos Funèbre.

MORTUOS inter resides, et absens
 Quæreris longum ; sed, amice, nobis
 Nec tibi fletus lacrymæ nec ullæ
 Dentur amaræ.

Vasta nox quamvis tenebræque circum
 Ingruant, tristi dolor et sepulcro,
 Nullus intersit gemibundus ægros
 Inter amicos

Antea quàm tu, moriens Redemptor
 Inferas ausus penetrare sedes,
 Teque per noctem manifesta ducet
 Lampas amoris.

But the wide arms of mercy
Are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, for
The Sinless hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—
And, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy tried spirit
In fear lingered long ;
But the mild rays of Paradise
Beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st
Was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave,—
But we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom,
Thy Guardian, thy Guide.
He gave thee, He took thee,
And He will restore thee ;
And death has no sting,
For the Saviour hath died.

“ The heavens declare,” &c.—Ps. xix. 1.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

Mortuos inter resides, nec unquam
Huc revertendo venies ; viasque
Hujus haud ævi liceat molestas
Carpere tecum.

Sed Pater te jam tenero recepit
Ad sinum risu, veniamque nobis
Sontibus donat, quia præstat Ille
Mortuus Insons !

Forsan invitis animus moratus
Corpore abscedens trepidavit alis ;
Sed tibi læto Paradisus ortu
Panditur omnis.

Mortuos inter resides : at absit
Nenia absenti tibi, nam Redemptor
Est Deus, custos, sociusque fidus
Tempus in omne.

Te dedit nobis, revocavit, atque
Reddet optatum. Nihil est acuti
Morte, Salvator quia gratosus
Mortuus Ipse

Noscitur ; sic nos miseros ab omni
Labe peccati redimens, Suique
Expians culpas hominum potente
Fonte cruoris !

Dec. 28, 1869.

Deus ubique.

ASPICITUR cælo Tua vis, Pater Optime ; sidus
Omne Deum memorat genitorem :
Sin legimus majora Tui miracula Verbi,
Pagina quæque docet meliora.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess ;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy Word my guide to heaven !

From the 18th Psalm.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high ;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.
On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all the God¹ !
He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And He, as Sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.
O God, my strength and fortitude !
Of force I must love Thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity !

¹ See Note 3 of Appendix I.

Te quoque mane novo rediens sol, vespere cedens,
 Te nox atque dies manifestant :
 At famulis Libri scripti das Ipse volumen,
 Quo virtus bonitasque leguntur.
 Exoriare, precor, cœlestia lumina fundens,
 Vivide Sol veræ pietatis !
 Nam Tibi pura fides, rectum, sapientia, jura,
 Insultosque doces sapuisse.
 Cernimus hîc miranda magis Tua facta, datamque
 Vitam cum veniâ perituris.
 O Deus, hoc pectus renovans, peccata resolvens,
 In me, discipulo, dominare !
Dec. 26, 1869.

Excerpta e Psalmo 18.

DESCENDIT altis Omnipotens locis,
 Summi coactis cursibus ætheris,
 Et nubium caliginosas
 Sub pedibus glomeravit undas.
 En ! angelorum mille cohortibus
 Advenit, ut Rex, impositus Deus,
 Alisque ventorum tremendis
 Omnis adest Deitas supernè !
 Sedit serenus fluctibus inviis,
 Frænans furores et domitans minas !
 Rex ille supremus Paterque
 Omnigenis Deus imperabit.
 O Fortitudo et Vis mea, Maxime,
 Te corde toto diligere est opus !
 Tutamen et Turris tuorum,
 Es mea robora rebus arctis !
May 15, 1870.

Certain Stanzas of the longer Hymn.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me,

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

“We know not what,” &c.—JAMES iv. 14.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

Version as suggested by Bishop Ryan.

O MECUM maneas ! Vesper adest, ingruit omnibus
 Caligo tenebris : Tu mihi sis jam propior Deus !
 Quum fallant alii, deficiant et bona inania,
 Adjutor miseris, Tu maneas fidus ad ultimum !

Nam vitæ rapidè curta dies transit, et optima
 Mundi depereunt instabilis gaudia, gloria
 Marcescit pariter ; nos agitant innumeræ vices
 Et mutant : maneas, qui stabilis, Tu propior mihi !

Te præsentem mihi, nulla manus terreat hostica,
 Quæque ærumna levis fit, lacrymis nullus inest dolor.
 Quò Mortis stimulus,—quò Satanæ sæva potentia
 Cessit ? Victor ero, si maneas Tu propior mihi.

Oblatam tremulis, quum moriar, luminibus crucem
 Et Te per tenebras aspiciam ! Te videam ducem
 E mundo ad Superos ! Tu radio disjice lucido
 Quicquid sit dubii ! Tu maneas, Tu propior mihi !

Jan. 26, 1869.

Cras.

CRASTINA servatur Tecum, Deus, hora diei
 Omnipotente manu ;
 Et, si mane novo surgat sol ipse, redibit
 Te dominante dies.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!

Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

One thing demands our care,—
Oh be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

“Good tidings of,” &c.—LUKE ii. 10.

ANGELS. from the realms of glory.

Quàm rapido, nostræ brevians data tempora vitæ,
Præterit hora pede !
Vera Tuis detur famulis sapientia, doctis
Vivere nunc hodie !

Ultima sin mihi sors et sæcla futura diei
Hujus erunt rapidæ,
Exitus et propior, Tua vox juvenesque senesque
Suscitet, ut potis est.

Attentum nobis animum res una requirit
Corde sequenda pio :
Sin neglecta forent præsentia tempora, nunquam
Se renovata dabunt.

Ad Jesum propero gressu fugiamus, ut instans
Lux oriente micat ;
Aurea ne vitæ juvenilia lumina longâ
Nocte nigrâque cadant !

Jan. 9, 1870.

In Festo Nativitatis Domini.

ANGELI, sanctæ regione lucis
Impigro ad terras volitate cursu,—
Vos, quibus nostri celebrata prima est
Orbis origo,—

Jam decet lætos nova cantilena :
Nascitur Christus ! Veniatis ipsi
Supplices. Regi genito recenter
Gloria detur !

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant-light :
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar :
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star :
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear :
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Nocte, pastores, vigilante curâ
Sors quibus campo pecudes tueri,
Carne cum nobis habitat, videte !

Ipse Jehovah.

Parvuli lumen procul est Iësu.
Nascitur Christus ! Pariter venite
Supplices. Regi genito recenter
Gloria detur !

Vos, sophi, sævæ meditata mentis
Mittite : assurgunt meliora vobis
Visa, nam cœlo, nova dux, amica
Stella refulget.

Quem genus nostrum periens videre
Optat, est vobis manifestus. Ecce !
Hic Deus. Regi genito recenter
Gloria detur !

Templa linquatis venerata, sancti,
Thus et altari redolente dona,
Quà diu, mistis precibus timore,
Invigilâstis :

Ipse, descendens solio superno,
Nunc adest templo Dominus. Venite
Supplices. Regi genito recenter
Gloria detur !

Jan. 7, 1870.

In Fæsto Epiphaniæ Domini.

STELLA, micans cœlo nitido magis omnibus una,
Pelle tuo nobis auxilio tenebras ;
Eöumque polum decorans manifesta, Redemptor
Duc ubi sopitus parvulus Ipse cubat !

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

See Note 4 of Appendix I.

Illius irradiant gelidi cunabula rores,
 Dum præsepe simul bestia surda tenet.
 Hic humilis Salvator adest, Rex, atque Creator !
 Cœlicolæ, positum sic venerat² Deum.

Anne Sabæorum devoti thura feremus ?
 Effusâ dabimus munera larga manu ?
 Oceani gemmas ? lapides è monte ? nemusque
 Quam præbet myrrham, divitiasque soli ?

Incassum petimus per magna oblata valere,
 Donis impensis innumerisque pii ;
 Gravior est Domino sinceri cordis honestas,
 Pauperis ingenus cui placuère preces.

Stella, micans cœlo nitido magis omnibus una,
 Pelle tuo nostras auxilio tenebras ;
 Eöumque polum decorans manifesta, Redemptor
 Duc ubi sopitus parvulus Ipse cubat !

March 23, 1870.

Verbum Domini.

INCIPE cœlestem Domino, mea lingua, loquelam,
 Corque meum se suscitet, atque
 Nomen opusque Tuum cantet, mihi Magne Redemptor,
 Carmine Te Regem celebrante.

² The active form as used by Plautus.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord
To wretched dying men ;
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

Yes : every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

Jesus, unchangeably the same,
My confidence, my boast ;
Thou wilt not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

See Note 5 of the Appendix.

"Now is Christ risen," &c.—1 COR. xv. 20.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

Oh what a night was that which wrapp'd
The heathen world in gloom !
Oh what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !

Prolametque novam vitam mortalibus, edens
 Spem, pacem, veniamque caducis :
 Scripsit enim promissa manu Deus Ipse fideli
 Et calamo nunquam perituro.

Insculptum verbum durante perennius ære
 Permanet, atque manebit in ævum
 Omne, nec intensæ caliginis auctor iniquus
 Has tabulas abolere valebit.

Immo equidem promissa Dei sunt viribus aucta,
 Ut potis est Qui fecerit orbes :
 Vox ea, quæ spatiis immensis sidera volvit,
 Hæc promissa dedit bona nobis.

O mihi care, Deus nunquam mutatus, Iësu,
 Cui ponenda fides mea semper,
 Tu mihi lætitia, et Tu mihi gloria ! Nunquam
 Spes famuli labefacta peribit.

Jan. 17, 1870.

Hymnus Paschalis.

Ecce ! iterum Dominus vitæ lucisque revelat
 Igniferos radios,
 Auroræque oculos recludit, lumina fundens
 Crescentemque diem.

O qualis nox illa fuit, quæ plurima Gentes
 Obruerat tenebris !
 Et quantus Sol ille, Necis qui vincula rupit
 Exoriens tumulo !

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death :
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
By His expiring breath.

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung,
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

“ The heavens declare,” &c.—PSALM xix.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator’s power display,
And publisheth to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;

Incassum Satanasque ferox Hadesque laborant
Morte tenere Deum :
Illa equidem Victor tremefecit limina, quamvis
Ipse caducus erat.

Hosannah ! hodie Domino tollatur, et amplius
Undique detur honos !
Lætitia omnigenûm recreet corda intima ! cuncta
Laudibus ora sonent !

Conspirent Gentes, varias per mille loquelas,
Hunc celebrare diem,
Qui bona promittit populis æterna futuris,
Et benedictus erit.

Easter, 1870.

Structura Cœlorum.

VASTUS supernis arcûs honoribus,
Omnisque circum cœruleus polus,
Structura collucens, revelat
Qui fuit Ille operis Creator.

Cursu diurno Sol rapidus, cadens
Rursusque surgens, ipse potentiam
Demonstrat immensam, manusque
Prædicat artifices Jehovæ.

Umbrâ coortâ vespers, impigra
Incedit altum Luna per æthera,
Noctûque Telluri fideli
Ipsa refert iterum unde venit.

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!—
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!—

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine!"

A Translation, 1851, Bernard of Morlais.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blessed,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, oh I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

Circumque celsis omnia sidera et
 Omnes planetæ sedibus indicant,
 Currente motu, veritatem
 Perque tribus hominum polosque.

Quòd si solemni cuncta silentio
 Volvantur, orbem dum premit undique
 Nocturna caligo, nec ulla
 Vox hominum aut sonus audiat ;

Gaudere nostris auribus omnia
 Videntur, et per regna micantia
 Clamare, decursu perenni,
 " Nos Deus Ipse manu creavit."

Feb. 7, 1870.

Aurea Jerusalem.

LACTIFERIS fluviis misto cum melle beata,
 Aurea Jerusalem,
 Contemplans dubiis tua munera sensibus hisco,
 An loquar ? an sileam ?

Haud scio, si possem penetralia visere, sacra
 Gaudia queis fruerer ;—
 Quàm felix ibi longa dies, mirandaque nobis
 Gloria quanta foret !

Lætificata novis per sancta palatia Sion
 Carminibus resonat,
 Cœlitùs angelicis gavisa cohortibus atque
 Martyribus veterum.

Illos inter enim solio radiante Redemptor
 Est, placidumque jubar ;
 Namque Beatorum decorantur pascua semper
 Lumine purpureo.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast :
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever,
Are clad in robes of light.
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace ?
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part :
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art !
See Note 6 of Appendix I.

“ **Worship God in the,**” &c.—PHIL. iii. 3.

To Thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before Thy mercy-seat.

Thou through Him art reconciled,
I through Him became Thy child ;
Abba, Father, give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

Est ibi Davidicus thronus ; est ibi cantus, acerbis
Solicitudinibus

Æternum missis ; est gloria, palma, triumphus,
Cum nitidis epulis.

Sunt ibi, quæ rediit fractis victoria bellis
Cum Duce certa suo,

Semper et induti nova vestimenta salutis,
Candidiora nive !

O patria ! O dilecta domus dulcisque, videbo
Quando ego te rediens ?

Anne unquam largita mihi Tua gratia salvo
Munere sit Domini ?

Cor mihi gaudebit, quamvis hæc membra caduca
Sint humus et cineres.

Illi ego sum Dominusque mihi ; meus est Pater ipse
Et sine fine Deus !

March 7, 1870.

Dei Templum.

SACRATAM Domini domum
Intravi pedibus sæpe volentibus,
Quà, gaudens venerarier
Intra vela, Tuis sedibus intimis,
Christo conveniam Dei,
Et Divina mihi certa Benignitas.

Per Christum Tua gratia
Largitur, Genitor magne, fidelibus :
Per Christum quoque liberi
Fimus de populo. Nunc, Pater Optime,
Des nobis faciem Tuam
Aulis in propriis quærere supplices.

While Thy glorious Name is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue :
Then my joyful soul shall bless
Thee, " The Lord, my righteousness."

While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, when Thy Spirit pleads :
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through Thy Name,
In their voices let me own
Jesus speaking from the throne.

From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
Would at evening I might say,—
" I have walk'd with God to-day."

" Eat, O friends."—CANT. v. 1.

MY GOD, and is Thy table spread ?
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy bounty know.

Nomen dum canitur Tuum
 Linguam tange meam, solveque labia;
 Ut Te læta beaverit
 Felici mihi mens pectore. Te quoque
 Donatus veniâ, Deus,
 Solam concelebrem Justitiam meam.
 Sanctorum precibus piis
 Ædes ad superas advenientibus,
 Exaudi, Genitor, meas!
 Et, quandoque Tuus Spiritus advocet,
 Audi, quòd Tibi Filius
 Pro nobis aderit causidicus vigil.
 Et, dum Nomine sub Tuo,
 Et pacem et veniam cœlitùs indicent
 Fidi discipuli crucis,
 Illorum minimis vocibus audiam
 Dictantem proprio throno
 Jesum voce suâ paciferâ, precor!
 Et postquam, rediens domum,
 Templis egredior lætificans Tuis,
 Ignescant mea pectore
 Ritu corda novo; et, præterito die,
 Sic mecum,—“Potui vias
 Acceptas hodie carpere cum Deo.”
 17, 1870.

Coena Domini.

SUS, anne patet nobis Tua mensa referta?
 In me Tuo cyathus plenus amore fluit?
 Veniant natiq̃ue Tui famulique fideles,
 Discant quàm sit larga, Beate, manus.

Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Oh, let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests :
And may each soul salvation see
Who here its sacred pledges tastes.

Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In thronging numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

“ ~~M~~ake a joyful noise,” &c.—PSALM c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Salve ! sancta dedit quam Jesus cœna redemptis,—
 Sanguine cœna mero et carne parata Sui !
 Felix, ter felix, licuit cui vescier illic
 Flumine sacrato cœlicolûmque cibo !

Plurimus O ! mensam Domini conviva frequentet
 Fidus, honore pio lætitiâque fruens :
 Pignoribusque simul gustatis rite, salutem
 Per Dominum possit quisque videre suam.

O Deus, accelerante Tuâ vi, surgat ut adsit
 His dapibus sacris ingeminata cohors ;
 Ad mensamque sui redeant Genitoris alumni,
 Æternumque petant vivificumque cibum !

March 21, 1870.

Ante Dei Solium.

ANTE Jehovæ solium tremendum
 Gaudio constant venerante Gentes ;
 Ille nam solus Deus est, creatque
 Perdit et Ipse.

Ille nos motu proprio Creator
 Ex humo fecit ; pecudumque ritu
 Nos aberrantes revocavit intra
 Mœnia caulæ.

Ad Tuas portas veniamus altâ
 Voce tollentes Tibi cantilenas ;
 Et Tuas ædes resonante tellus
 Laude replebit

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

“ **My times are in Thy Hand,**” &c.—Ps. x

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

His decree who framed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth ;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.

Times the Tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love :
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my Heavenly Friend.

Plagues and death around me fly,
Till He bids I cannot die.

Mille linguarum. Tua vox ut orbis
Imperat latè ; Tua caritas et
Veritas rupi similis valebunt,
Tempore clauso.

Feb. 11, 1870.

Mea Tempora.

O Rex Omnipotens, Deus,
Cœlorum, sapiens semper et optimus,
Tecum sunt mea tempora, et
Omnis res oculis visa patet Tuis !

Natales mihi qui dedit
Primos, Ille iterum me Deus edidit ;
Patres, tempora, natio,—
Illi quod placitum est, est mihi debitum.

Tentatore potentia
Quanta, et quàm Domino sit bona caritas
Me scire,—eveniet mihi
Sors ut nota Tibi et primitùs edita.

Pestes et mala millia
Me circum volitant : non potero mori
Injussu Domini ; nihil
Me tanget, placitum dum fuerit Tibi !

O qui sis Sapiens, Bonus,
Et Justus, miserum me Tibi credidi.
Non possum viduarier,
Nam non ulla dies Te mihi separet !

Feb. 18, 1870.

First Fruits.

FAIR waved the golden corn,
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran,—
“The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man.”

Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earlier fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life, and all its powers.
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy Saints in heaven!

Primitiæ.

PULCHRIUS in Judæ campis crepitante susurro
Flavescentes agitantur aristæ,
Messorumque cohors, Phœbo surgente, per agros
Lætantes exire videntur.

Deinde suas peragunt hilaranti carmine grates
Omnigenum magno Genitori
Atque bono, e cujus benefactis optima quæque
Ad portas templumque ferentes,

Jussa Dei faciunt, populo qui dixerat olim,
Per Mosem famulosque locutus,—
“Primitiæ Domino maturis dentur aristis,
Cætera sunt homini retinenda.”

Et, Deus, ut Tua plebs olim servire solebat,
Primitias Tibi demus opimas;
Et Patribus similes, omnes quos vivimus annos,
Nos divinitus esse precemur.

Sit Tua prima dies, Tua sit quoque cruda juvenus,
Omnis et ingeminata potestas!
Mane novo vitæ nobiscum sis, Deus Ipse,
Et benedic per vespers horas!

Dumque anni volvuntur, nostris quoque viribus auctis
Pectoribus sapientia crescat;
Et Tua nos teneat servos Ecclesia, sanctos
Dum Superos adiisse licebit!

March 30, 1870.

“**That day was the preparation.**”—LUKE **xxiii**

ANOTHER week has passed away,
Another Sabbath now draws near;
Lord, with Thy blessing crown the day,
Which all Thy children hold so dear.

Delivered from its weekly load,
How light the happy spirit springs,
And soars to Thy divine abode,
With peace and freedom on its wings.

Now 'tis our privilege to find
A short release from all our care,
To leave the world's pursuits behind,
And breathe a more celestial air.

O Lord! that earthly love destroy
Which clings too fondly to our breast;
Through grace prepare us to enjoy
The coming hours of hallowed rest.

And, when Thy word shall set us free
From every burden that we bear,
O! may we rise to rest with THEE,
And hail a brighter Sabbath there!

“**I press toward the mark,**” &c.—PHIL. **iii. 14**

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on!
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

Sabbatum.

NOBIS nunc iterum præterit hebdomas,
Incepitque novo lumine Sabbatum :
Optatâ requie, quâ famuli Tui
Delectant, Genitor, des mihi perfrui !
Curis sepositis, hebdomadis labor
Cessavit, vacuus spiritus emicat,
Et sedes superas impiger avolans
Alarum celeri remigio petit.

Jam nobis, Domino dante, remissio
Curarum rediit perbrevis omnium :
Est mundi licitum linquere tædia,
Et spirare novum coelitus æthera.

O ! terrena, Deus, cordibus intimis,
Hærent quæ famulis arctiùs, ejice ;
Et nos pacificans gratia ducat, ut
Utamur placido munere Sabbati.

Et quando famulis omne onus exulet,—
Quum mundi Tua vox vincula ruperit
Quæ nos hic retinent, Te duce, cœlica
Surgamus Superûm noscere Sabbata !

pril 2, 1870.

Ad Destinatum persequor, &c.

SURSUM, mens mea ! Strenuè
Ad metam urge viam viribus omnibus :
Cursus cœlicus evocat
Et divina jubent te diademata !

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :—
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way !
'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
Blest Saviour ! introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

PSALM lxxii.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head ;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.
Blessings abound where'er He reigns :
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd,

Nubes maxima testium
Circa te mediam conspiciunt simul.
Carpas ulteriùs viam
Nunc oblita locis acta prioribus.
Te vox de superis Dei
Invitans animat pectora vivida :
Præsens Ipse manu suâ
Ad nostros oculos præmia porrigit.
Tecum curriculum petens,
Salvator, stadiis primitùs institi ;
Victor jam diademata
Deponam meritos ante pedes Tuos.

April 3, 1870.

PSALM lxxii.

OMNIBUS in terris Dominus regnabit Iësus,
Sol quacunq̃ue suas itque reditque vias ;
Et, dum cessarit cursus remeare solennes,
Imperium Christi porriget usque Deus !
Illius ornabunt diademate tempora Reges,
Illi vota homines et sine fine dabunt ;
Cujus nomen, odor gratissimus, undique surget,
Mane aliquis quoties fecerit officium.
Illius indomitum gens plurima dicet amorem,
Et variis linguis carmina læta canet ;
Cui benedicta ferent primis infantulus annis
Et pueri et juvenes discipulique simul.
Plenior exundat bonitas, ubi regnat Iësus ;
Nulla ibi captivum vincula dura tenent ;
Optatis fessi requiete et pace fruuntur ;
Omne datur miseris pauperibusque bonum.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud AMEN!

PSALM xxiii.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Quisque volens Regem proprio veneretur honore,
 Præsentisque Dei numina quisque canat :
 Carminibusque iterum descendant mille cohortes
 Cœlicolùm, et Tellus ipsa sonabit AMEN !
Arch 31, 1870.

Dominus regit me.

JESUS parabit Ipse pascuum meum,
 Pastoris atque amore fidi me reget :
 Supplebit Ejus indies Præsentia
 Desiderata rebus amplioribus.
 Me semper adstans et vigil custodiet
 Horis diei, noctis et per tempora.

Sub sole quum meridiano languidus,
 Campo patente montibus vel arduis,
 Anhelus essem, pascua ad rorantia
 Vallesque fertiles volens me duceret,
 Pedes vagantes dirigens ad flumina,
 Ruris per agros quæ vagantur molliter.

Sin mortis atræ tramites intravero
 Caliginosis obrutos terroribus,
 Haud ulla formidabit infortunia
 Malive pectus impetum : nam Tu, Deus,
 Es mecum, et Ipse me pedi tutamine
 Mortis per umbram territantem dirigis.

Sin solus ambulo locis in deviis,
 Inops, inermis, omnium pauperrimus,
 Tum Tu, meas solatus ægritudines,
 Deserta rerum plena reddis omnium ;
 Herbæ virescunt, gramen et campo redit,
 Circumque rivuli fluentes murmurant.

April 12, 1870.

“ Came out of great tribulation,” &c.—REV.

Lo ! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand :
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came :
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God’s eternal glory blessed.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore ;
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see the Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;
And day and night with ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud Hosannas raise ;—

Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign !
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God !

Qui venerunt de tribulatione, &c.

EN ! circa solium clara cohors omnigentum Dei
 Sanctorum, innumeræ myriades, conveniunt locis
 Supra Cœlicolûm, quos Genitor per pretium novum
 Quæsit sibi, sanguineo flumine Filii
 Vestimenta Sui paciferi, quæ dedit, abluens.

Illi multimodis per mala quamplurima casibus
 Transibant toties, nec dedecus ferre crucem fuit :
 Tandem, mœstitiis præteritis, ut placitum Deo
 Illis parta quies est, famulis et nova gloria,
 Quâ nunc ante thronum stant nitidâ Cœlicolûm domo.

Hic non esuriunt, non sitiunt ; nulla diutiùs
 Culpæ conscia mens ; nullus ibi flentibus est dolor ;
 Nec mortem trepident. Integritas, purities ibi,
 Ignotumque malum. Luctus abest, et sine termino,
 Abstersis lacrymis, lætificant gaudia millia.

Salvatore suo visibili, stant prope ; cantibus
 Magnam concelebrant vim Domini : quam dare gratiam
 Dicunt Ille potest, victor et ut corda fidelium
 Ad sceptrum subigat ! Nocte, die, carmina
 Auratis citharis ingeminant : hoc simul est melos :—

Pro culpis hominum quem Deus in tempore debito
 Cædendum dedit, ut nos redimens crimine liberos
 En ! reges faceret, constituens pontifices, Deo,
 Ablutos proprio sanguine, quàm dignus haberis
 Ut vivas superis Cœlicolûm Rex penetralibus !

Easter Monday, 1870.

“**The Lord is risen,**” &c.—LUKE xxiv. 3≡

ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey ;
See He rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom !

Heaven unfolds its portals wide :
Gracious Conqueror, through them ride.
King of Glory, mount Thy throne !
Boundless empire is Thine own.

Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

The three stanzas making four in Latin, with omission of the usual *Hallelujah*.

“**O my God, be not,**” &c.—Ps. xxxviii. 21.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
O Lord, to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

Carmen Paschale.

ANGELI, rupem removete ; magnam
Redde mors prædam labefacta : vitæ
Flore vestitus nitido perennis
Prodit Iesus !

Vinculo rupto Necis et Sepulcri,
Ipse consurgit redivivus. Ecce!
Principi Cælum patefecit altas
Latius aulas.

Victor, admissus per aperta curru
Flammeo sedes pete sempiternas,
Gloriæ Tu Rex, solium capesse
Imperiumque ;

Nam Tibi regnum sine fine! Cantus,
Angeli, dantes citharis novatis,
Millibus linguis geminate longo
Carmine laudes!

April 1, 1870.

Rebus in Arduis.

IN vitæ dubio tramite transeo,
Cinctus multimodis mille periculis :
Salvator, radios funde Tuos, mea
Ut vestigia dirigant.

Instigans famuli corda vagantia
Sectari doceas quæ meliora sint,
Atque horæ rapidæ spernere inania,
Verax querere gaudium.

Then, should the wildest storms arise,
 And tempests mingle seas and skies,
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.

If Thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in **THEE** !

Certain stanzas of the Morning Hymn.

"The Lord's mercies are new."—**LAM.** iii. 23.

New every morning is the love,
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day
 Hover around us, as we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find ;
 New treasures still of countless price
 God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask :
 Room to deny ourselves,—a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

Tum, si nubigenâ vis violentior
 Et cœlum et pelagus turbine misceat,
 Dirum naufragium non metuum, quia
 Sunt mecum omnia quæ bona.

Salvatorque meus si steterit prope,
 Discam lætitiâ vivere vel mori;
 Quodd Tecum inveniam mille levamina.
 Quum mortalia fugerint !

April 11, 1870.

Hymnus Matutinus.

OMNI oriente die lecto quum surgimus, horas
 Per noctis tuti tenebrosas,
 Ad vitam reduces et mentis vim renovatam,
 Corda novum meditantur amorem.

Nam, redeunte die, redeunt nova gaudia nobis,
 Et bonitas nova, dum prece Patrem
 Alloquimur. Nova sunt peccata remissa, novumque
 Præteritum oblitumque periculum.

Deque Deo cogitata novo discrimine, cœli
 Spes nova. Sin conemur, amici,
 Sanctificare diem Domino, manus illa novabit
 Divitias populo pretiosas

Sacrifero. Nostræ vitæ res quæque diurnæ
 Communisque labor famulorum
 Dant precibus causam ; nova dant meditanda, Deoque
 Nos propiùs propiùsque reducunt.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see ;
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above,
 And help us this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray !

“ Joy o’er one sinner,” &c.—ST. LUKE XV

WHO can describe the joys which rise,
 Through all the courts of Paradise,
 To see a prodigal return !
 To see an heir of glory born !

With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of His eternal love ;
 The Son with joy looks down and sees
 The purchase of His agonies ;

The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul He forms anew :
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

“ He cometh to judge,” &c.—Ps. xcvi. 1

THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake
 The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
 And, withering from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

Tum solitos comites, nobis loca cara, domosque
 Discipulosque m̃gis veneramur,
 Quo magis angelicum sapiunt. Divinitus omni
 Ærumnæ jubar irradiabit !
 O Deus, alme Parens, duce Te, veniamus ad altas
 Perfectæ sedes requietis !
 Hâc omnique die, duce Te, vivamus ad ipsam
 Quam sequimur nostrâ prece normam !

April 27, 1870.

Archilochian Heptameter and Iambic Trimeter Catalectic.

DICERE quis poterit nova gaudia, quæ per Angelorum
 Tolluntur aulas sedibus supernis,
 Quum videant reducem divinitus e viis Scelesti
 Et pœnitentem gloriæ renatum !
 Lætitiâ bonus Ipse probat Pater, ut videt beatos
 Fructus amoris sempiterni, et Ille
 Filius e cœlo notat omnia, quæ Suo cruore,
 Acuta passus, per crucem redemit.
 Delectat pariter sibi Spiritus almus intueri
 Cœlo paratum cor novumque pectus :
 Cœlicolũmque cohors sanctissima voce tollit unã
 Victoriam Regis sui et triumphum.

May 4, 1870.

Hexameter and Iambic Trimeter Catalectic.

ADVENIET Dominus ! Tellus tremefacta labascet,
 Collesque sedem territi relinquent :
 Sidera condentur tenebris evanida cœlo,
 Mundoque lumen sol suum negabit.

The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind !

Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride
O God ! is this **THE CRUCIFIED** ?

While sinners to the rocks complain,
And seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
The saints, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy,—The Lord is come !

The Old Testament Gospel.

From the Olney Hymns.

ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learned the Gospel too :
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw a Saviour's face.

Adveniet Dominus ! Sed non ut venerat olim
 In carne nostrâ pauper ac inermis ;
 Ut patiens agnus moriturus,—terga flagello
 Crudeliter nudata verberandus.

Adveniet Dominus ! Facie formaque tremendus,
 Accinctus ignibus, procella circum,
 Ille hominum Judex, signatus chrismate sacro,
 Cum Cœlitum cohortibus supernè.

Anne idem est qui visus erat persæpe vagari
 Nos inter ipsos pauper, æger, erro ?
 Quem fastusque virum mundique superbia risit
 Et puniendum perfidi dederunt ?

Nunc sontes scopulos frustrâ latebrasque requirunt
 Montesque, si tegantur ; at sepulcro
 Surgentes sanctos victoria læta coronat,
 Canentque,—Noster advenit Redemptor !

April 28, 1870.

Evangelium Veteris Testamenti.

ISRAËL veterum tempore pristino
 Non solum Sinâi vidit acumina
 Inflammata novis ignibus, at simul
 Doctrinam dedicit Dei :

Evangelica nam vera fideliter
 Antiquos docuit victima mystica,
 Salvatorque hominum visibilis fuit
 Sub signo typico latens.

The Paschal sacrifice,
The blood besprinkled door,
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile an angry God.

The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence.
For He, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

The Scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more :
In him our Surety seemed to say,
Behold, I bear your sins away !

Dipped in his fellow's blood
The living bird went free ;
The type, well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea ;
Described a guilty soul enlarged
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

Nam Paschæ solitis victima ritibus,
Perfusa et tepido sanguine limina,
Postes, vestibulum, janua, prædicant
Doctrinam typicè Dei.

Hæc claris oculis visa, receptaque
Interno veterum corde fidelium,
Dictabant melior cœlitus hostia
Quodd nobis foret edita.

Et plumis niveis illa columbula,
Agnusque itidem purior, Illius
Qui culpæ est maculis liber ab omnibus
Et sanguis pretiosior,

Sunt nobis notulæ de Domino datæ :
Nam qui pro miseris justa piacula
Offerret, debet dicier innocens
Peccati sine crimine.

Emissusque caper per loca devia,
Devoto capiti ferre vicarius
Peccatum populi, nec rediit neque
Unquam cominus affuit.

Æternum periit, crimine condito,
Ignotis latebris iste ; sed inquires
Per caprum Dominus nos monet,—Abditas
Culpas omnibus abstuli.

Tum vivens volucris mersa cruoribus
Fusis alterius libera fugit, et
Clamavit typicis quæ bene nota sunt
Alis pacifero sono.

Peccatore preces retulit editas
Ad cœlum volitans vivida, et omnibus
Sentes exhibuit crimine liberos
Christi per meritum crucis.

Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of Thy grace,
The same in every age.
O ! grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me !

It was difficult to render this hymn without ~~to~~
the six stanzas of the original in English into ~~two~~
Latin. Some paraphrasing was unavoidable.

"Blessed are the Dead," &c.—REV. xiv. 13

IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,—
The glories that surround the saint,
When he resigns his breath.

One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;
We scarce can say " He's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight :
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

On harps of gold their Lord they praise,
His presence always view ;
And, if we here their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise Him too.

Quum sacrata Libri pagina, Te duce,
 Reclusis oculis subjicitur meis,
 Te, Jesu, propius cernere gestio
 Agnoscens sub imagine.

Omni namque eadem gratia sæculo
 Nobis semper adest. Tu, Deus, adjuves
 Credentem, ut maneat, cui dederas, novis
 Fidus luminibus, precor.
 Amen.

19, 1870.

Post Obitum.

FRUSTRA conamur depingere, morte peractâ,
 Qualis erit sors proxima nobis :
 Aut quæ circumstet morientem gloria sanctum,
 Mens simul atque reliquerit artus.
 Unus enim facilis singultus vincula solvit ;
 Vix tempus dixisse " Recessit !"
 Spiritus, ipse volens, gaudet rediisse supernum
 Ad solium magni Genitoris.

Discedente animâ, frustra conatur amici
 \ Nostra fides servare volatum
 Ad superos : nullus penetrat velamen ocellus
 Lucis eam claudens regionem.

Auratis citharis Genitori psallere gaudent,
 Præsentemque Deum revidere ;
 Quorum sancta sequi si nunc vestigia detur,
 Orbe novo laudabimus Ipsum.

March 25, 1870.

The Christian Sabbath.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and si
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His wor
Thy works of grace, how bright they sh
How deep Thy counsels ! how divine !

And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart.
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

“**He that keepeth thee,**” &c.—Ps. c

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst hee

Sabbatum Christianum.

QUAM dulce, mi Rex, mi Deus, est opus

Laudare Nomen carminibus Tuum !

Et mane demonstrare amorem,

Nocte fidem celebrare certam !

Quam grata sacri tempora Sabbati !

Mortalis absit cura sinu meo,

Divisque sit pectus paratum,

Davidis ut lyra, cantilenis !

Et gaudeat cor in Domino Deo,

Ejusque tollat factaque dictaque.

Quam clara sunt verba et Supremi

Consilium Domini profundum !

At quando pectus gratia laverit,

Salvus honores accipiam novos ;

Sanctumque descendens olivum

Laetitiam mihi cor replebit.

Tum pervidebo, tum sciam, et audiam

Desiderabam quæ prius omnia,

Mentisque vis lætæ superno

Inveniet peragenda cælo.

May 9, 1870.

Hymnus Vespertinus.

VESPERE, Salvator, spires benedicta, priusquam

Quieta membra condimus sapore.

Tu servare potes et Tu sanare, Redemptor,

Penuriam culpasque confitentes.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

**“ The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and
to Zion with songs,” &c.—ISA. XXXV. 10**

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing :
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Quamvis ante pedes tam multa pericula terrent,
 Hostisque mittit sæpius sagittas,
 Angelicæ cingunt famulos, Te dante, cohortes,
 Sumusque tuti Te, Deus, propinquo.

Nec nos ulla Tibi celat caligo patentes
 Et noctis ipsis nubilis opertos.
 Tu non defessus, nostri non immemor unquam ;
 Quacunque plebs Tua sit, vigil manebis.

Sin hâc nocte mihi cita mors advenerit ipsa,
 Si lectulus me mortuum receptet,
 Mane novo, Cœli decoratus flore juventæ
 Perenniore, pulchrior resurgam.

March 22, 1870.

Venientes in Zion cum laude.

FRILI Regis Superi, canatis
 Dulcè carpentes iter. O redempti,
 Cura sit vobis honor et perennis
 Gloria Christi.

Ille quàm dignus per opus viamque
 Laude, dum nostri Domini redimus,
 Quâ viâ patres veterum fideles
 Primitùs ibant,

Ad domum : nunc sunt requie beati
 Sedibus suprâ placidis ; et ipsi
 Nos citò salvi pariter supernâ
 Sede fruemur.

Foes are round us, but we stand
On the borders of our land,
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us, undismayed, go on.

Let us sing ; for, safe and blessed,
We with Jesus soon shall rest :
There our home is now prepared,
There our kingdom and reward.

Onward then we gladly press,
Through this earthly wilderness ;
Only, Lord, our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

“ Ask, and it shall be given you.”—

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of pray
But wishes to be often there ?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud with
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love, .
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armour b

Cingit hostilis trepidos caterva,
Sed sumus nostræ patriæ propinqui :
Filius Patris jubet Ipse fidos
Fortiter ire.

Læta tollatur nova cantilena ;
Nam citò tutos, veniâ beatos,
Christus ad sese gremiumque nos re-
Ceperit alium.

Cœlitùs sedes propriæ parantur,—
Præmium, regnum, solium, corona,—
Omne per Jesum, requies salusque,
Munere Patris !

Ibimus duræ per acuta vitæ
Hujus invicti, Deus, et fidenter
Te per obstantes hominum catervas
Usque sequemur.

March 24, 1870.

Præcatus.

SI precibus solium Genitoris adire velimus,
Impediunt obstantia multa :
Cui tamen ipsa precum nota sit pretiosa potestas,
Sæpius ille Deum veneratur.

Nam tenebrosa preces sanctorum nubila pellunt,
Spemque fidemque novant et amorem ;
Dum, Jacobus uti, per climactera supernum
Scandentes benedicta receptant.

Omissis precibus, pugnam cessamus obire :
Arma preces radiantia servant ;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have we no words? ah! think again:
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts," &c

COL. iii. 15.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Tela acuunt: et, quantumvis sit humillimus orans,
In genibus Satanam tremefecit.

Desunt verba precum? Reputemus: verba querelis
Apta fluunt, quum pectus amici,
Ecce! hominis nobiscum pariter, penetrare necesse est,
Et tristem memorare dolorem.

Halitus at si, sic frustrà consumptus, in aures
Suppliciter Genitoris iniret,
Sæpe preces hilari sequeretur carmine dictum,—
“En! mihi quæ Deus optima fecit!”

March 29, 1870.

Ad Patrem.

QUIDQUID optatum famulo precanti
Sit Tibi visum, Genitor, negare,
Hoc tamen votum, precor O! supremas
Surgat ad aures:—

“Des mihi fidum placidumque pectus,
“Cor et insulsis vacuum querelis,
“Gratiâ dones propriâ per annos
“Ut Tibi vivam!

“Quodd meus Tu sis bona spes amicus
“Me viis vitæ comitetur, atque
“Mortis in horâ mihi sit caduco
“Dulce levamen.

“Tu mihi præsens Deus adsis Ipse
“Hoc per humanis iter in diebus,
“Idque sub finem, propiore cœlo,
“Ipse coronas!”

April 26, 1870.

" I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c.—

JOB xix. 25.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
Oh the sweet joy this sentence gives !
He lives, He lives, who once was dead ;
He lives, my everlasting head.

He lives to bless me with His love,
And still He pleads for me above ;
He lives to raise me from the grave,
And me eternally to save.

He lives within my heart to dwell,
And save me from the power of hell ;
To comfort me whene'er I faint,
And soothe my heaviest complaint.

He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend ;
Who still will keep me to the end ;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

He lives my mansion to prepare,
And He will bring me safely there ;
He lives, all glory to His name,
Jesus, unchangeably the same.

See Note 7 of Appendix I.

Scio quod Redemptor meus bibit.

! scio quod vivit magnus meus Ille Redemptor ;
 hanc bona cognitio ! quam mihi dulce melos !
 equidem vivit, semel est qui morte subactus,
 et populo æternum sit caput Ipse Suo.

t, ut immensum mihi jam manifestet amorem.
 nam famuli causas advocat ante Patrem.
 t, ut e tumultu redivivum tollat in altas
 elicolum sedes, templa superna Dei !

t, ut adveniens habitet mea pectora, meque
 victo Satanâ protegat usque manu ;
 ne inopem lassumque Suo soletur amore,
 rulet atque meo quæque querela sinu.

equidem vivit, sapiens et fidus amicus,
 conservans famulum tempus in omne Suum :
 t, et, Illo equidem viventi, quod sit Iesus
 ex meus, Antistes, atque Propheta, canam.

t, ut Ipse mihi cœlo domicilia summo
 ræparet, et salvum ponat ad ora Dei.
 equidem vivit, cui gloria maxima detur,—
 lem, immutatus, semper Iesus erit !

. 21, 1871.

Hymnology.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends Thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Hymnologia.

MAGNA Creatoris cunctis altum æthera subter
 Laus surgat geminata per orbem ;
 Atque Redemptoris cantetur nomen amati
 Omnigenam ter mille loquelis !

Nam bonitas æterna Tua est, Deus, et Tua verba
 Vera fides virtusque sequuntur.
 Undique per terras resonabit laus Tua, cursus
 Dum renuet sol ire redire !

Hymnology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below,
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymnologia.

OMNIGENIS tellure polos degentibus infra
 Laudetur Dominus, quo fluit omne bonum ;
 Cœlicolisque simul tollatur laude Jehovah,—
 Spiritus et Sanctus, Filius, atque Pater.

April 4, 1870.

Part II.

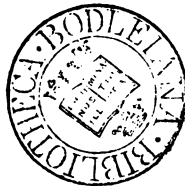
**A FEW VERSIONS IN
IAMBIC, TROCHAIC, ANAPÆSTIC, AND
OTHER LESS FAMILIAR METRES,**

AFTER THE MANNER OF

Prudentius among the Ancients

AND OF

Dr. George Buchanan among the Moderns.



“Praying in the Holy Ghost.”—JUDE

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every humble mind ;
Come pour Thy joys on all mankind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

Thou strength of His Almighty hand
Whose power doth heaven and earth comm
Thrice holy Fount ! thrice holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy ;
Give us Thyself, that we may see

Ad Spiritum Sanctum.

O Tu, Creator Spiritus,—
Qui primitus fundamina
Telluris, Ipse fabricans,
Novæ locasse crederis,—
Mentes humillimas veni
Ut visites, ut gaudia
Tu præbeas mortalibus.
Dolore culpæ libera
Nos, et Tuorum pectora
Te digna templa reddito.

Vis Maximæ Potentiæ,
Vis regna suprâ Cœlitum
Infrâque Terram dirigens,
Omni Voluntas imperans!
Ter sancte Fons, et ignea
Ter sancta Vis, jam pectora
Amore nostra compleas
Divinitus! Citò veni,
Unguenta Sancta proferens,
Ut nos canentes consecres.

Descende cœlo gratiâ
Exuberans! Septemplici
Venire jam potentiâ
Digneris, et Te præbeas
Tuis volenter! Filium

The Father and the Son by Thee ;
Make us eternal truths receive
And practise all that we believe.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name ;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee.

See Note 8 of Appendix I.

“ O Lord, how manifold,” &c.—Ps. c

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.
The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

Patremque per Te cernere
 Sit nostra sors beatior !
 Æterna vera mentibus
 Tenere des et omnibus
 Quæ credimus perfungier !
 Honos perennis famaue
 Æterna Patris Nomini
 Sit, Filioque gloria
 Indesinenter undique
 Detur redemptis omnibus,
 Salvare nos Qui mortuus
 Obibat Hadis infera !
 Idemque cultus, ut Deo,
 Æterne Spiritus Tibi
 Et æqua laus sit reddita !

March 18, 1870.

Liber Librorum.

Est Liber, atque illum qui currit perlegat, omnem
 Nos veritatem perdocens divinitus.
 Puri oculi sinceraque pectora Christicolarum,—
 Hæc sola disciplina quæ necesse sit.
 Namque opera admiranda Dei tellure, poloque,
 Intraque nos et hic et illic undique
 Ut docet in Libro recluso pagina aperta,
 Monstrant modos quæis Patrem adire possumus.
 Omnia circumiens non mensurabilis æther
 Pandit, Creator, Te Tuumque maximum
 Erga homines, qui mirandis cinguntur, amorem,
 Et mille rebus ordinatis firmiter !

The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run :
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

Thou, who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee every where.

See Note 9 of Appendix I.

“ As Thou wilt.”—MATT. xxvi. 37.

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done !

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father ! still I strive to say,
Thy will be done !

polo supero, terræque Ecclesia subter
 psære cursus gloriosè singulos ;
 quodcunque novæ lucis Tibi detur utrique,
 Sole summo mutantur invicem.

a per cœli rorem Tua cernitur ipsum,
 i stillat in silente lapsu desuper :
 bi descendit, locus iste beatus abundat,
 fructibus lætis ubique noscitur.

ioque, qui mihi das sensus oculosque videndo,
 me doces amare pulchrius spectaculum,
 ihi cor doctumque animum Te cernere solum :
 perlegam miraculis rerum undique !
 1870.

Non sicut ego volo, sed sicut Tu.

MI Deus et Pater optime mi,
 Dum vagor, ut pecus insipiens,
 Longiùs a propriis domibus,
 Me Tibi nunc reducem doceas
 Dicere corde pio,—Tua sit
 Facta voluntas !

Si quoque me famulum jubeas
 Quid mihi sit pretiosius et
 Dulcius abjicere, id proprium
 Haud fuerat mihi ; reddidero
 Quæ Tua sunt Tibi :—Sic Tua erit
 Facta voluntas !

Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
 Thy will be done ;

Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 Thy will be done.

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
 The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 Thy will be done.

See Note 10 of Appendix I.

“Where two or three,” &c.—MATT.

JESUS, we Thy promise claim,
 We are gathered in Thy Name ;
 In the midst do Thou appear,
 Manifest Thy presence here.

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;
 Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace

Sin mihi cor trepidans misero
 Deficiensque Tuus veniens
 Spiritus Ipse beaverit, et
 Dux fuerit, Tibi crediderim
 Cætera, mi Deus :—Et Tua sit
 Facta voluntas !

Nocte dieque meum renova
 Vivificaque animum ! Tua mens
 Juncta meæ sit, et ejicias
 Omne quod indomitum renuat
 Dicere suppliciter,—Tua sit
 Facta voluntas !

Quum necis hora mihi institerit
 Haud dubio pede, deinde precem
 Quam didici gemibundus ego et
 Illacrymans, meliore loco
 Voce canam docili,—Tua sit
 Facta voluntas !

¶ 6, 1870.

Ad Jesum Invocatio.

JESU, Tuam pactam fidem
 Nos postulamus supplices :
 Nam, congregati nomine
 Tuo, precamur, adveni
 Nos inter, et præsentia
 Dulcis reveletur Tua !

Nos fac, Domine, sanctos ; bea
 Nos Spiritu, pacemque fer

Come and dwell within each heart,

Light, and life, and joy impart.

Make us all in Thee complete,

Make us all for glory meet ;

Meet to stand before Thy sight,

Partners with the saints in light.

“Be ye also ready.”—MATT. xxiv

Ort as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, “Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die ?

Then, leaving all I loved below,
To God’s tribunal I must go :
Must hear the judge pronounce my
And fix my everlasting state.

Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in Thee :
Apply Thy blood, Thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be
“Perhaps it next may toll for me.”

Nobis Tuam. Veni, mane!
 Lucesse cordibus piis,
 Vitamque dans et Coelitum
 Effusa præbens gaudia!
 Des omne quod necesse sit,
 Ut nos, Iësu, Te sequi
 Discamus, et cum gloriâ
 Mox vestiamur ante Te,
 Quum stemus in micantibus
 Plebis redemptæ sedibus!

Feb. 10, 1870.

Campana Funebris.

AH! quoties animam solito campana sonore
 Exire membris nunciat mortalibus,
 Quærere te moneat taciturno pectore,—“ Num tu,
 Amice, præparatus esses emori?”
 Dixeris et tecum,—“ Linquendum quidquid amavi, et
 “ Nobis eundum est in Dei præsentiam :
 “ Dum Judex peccata notat dans ultima jura
 “ Et sempiternam portionem destinat.
 “ O! succurre mihi misero, Salvator Iësu,
 “ Et me doce spem ponere in Te plurimam.
 “ Spiritus ille Tuus mihi sit! mihi sanguis adesto!
 “ Peccata tollas, et sinas me vivere!
 “ Tum, quando resonet mihi mox campana solennis,
 “ Servatus omni, non timebo, crimine,
 “ Nec trepidum pigeat me dicere,—Proxima forsân
 “ Campana jam mihi sonabit mortuo!”

April 28, 1870.

PARAPHRASE OF PARTS OF PSALM CIV.

OH worship the King, all glorious above !
Oh gratefully sing His unchangeable love !
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavillioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

Oh, tell of His might ! oh, sing of His grace !
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form~~ation~~
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a girdle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

PSALM IV. PARAPHRASIS.

Glorioso ferte Regi vota vestra carmine
Concinentes gratulante, cujus ingens nos amor
Servat immutatus ! Ille nobis est Deus,
Ægis et tutamen : ætas cui perennis, cui nova
Sempiterno vita cursu, quæ superno lumine
Angelorum coetus Illum tollit altis laudibus.
Gratiam viresque magnas vestra narrent carmina
Cujus est lux ipsa vestis, cujus est tentorium
Universus mundus atque vastus orbis undique !
Cui procellæ currus iræ, vivo cum fulmine,
Et tenēbræ nubilosæ, cinctus Ille flammeis
Ignibus cœli tremendis ambulat per tramites !
Mira telluris refertæ, rebus mille millibus
Divitis, cornuque plenum maximâ cum copiâ,
Tu dedisti,—Tu potente fabricatus dexterâ
Primitus ; Verbumque mundi condidit fundamina,
Ut Voluntas Diva jussit, quæ nequit mutarier,
Ordinans fluctus marinos esse terræ cingulum.
Quam geris curam paternam pro creatis providens
Quæ potest narrare vox, aut dona nobis plurima ?
Flante vento Te videmus, spiritu Te cernimus
Aëris, Te lucis orbe. Te revelant culmina
Montium, Te campus omnis : Tuque cœli molliter
Imbribus descendis, ipsis atque rorum gemmulis.
 Debiles nos confitemur filios humanitûs
 Esse mortis certiores ; Te sed fidi credimus
 Atque fidum Te probamus. Nullus in Te fallitur.
 Firma sunt promissa ; Virtus certa nobis est Tua.
 Tu Creator, Tu Redemptor nostra solvens debita ;
 Tu benignus, Tu fidelis tutor omnes protegis.

O Lord of all might, how boundless Thy love ~~=====~~
 While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation, though feeble their lays ~~=====~~,
 With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

See Note 11 of Appendix I.

"Fellow-Heirs," &c.—EPH. iii. 6.

HAIL! thou source of every blessing;
 Sovereign Father of mankind,
 Gentiles now Thy grace possessing
 In Thy courts admission find.

Grateful now we fall before Thee,
 In Thy Church obtain a place;
 Now by faith behold Thy glory,
 Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

Once far off, but now invited,
 We approach Thy sacred throne,
 In Thy covenant united,
 Reconciled, redeemed, made one.

Now, revealed to Eastern sages,
 See the Star of Mercy shine;—
 Mystery, hid in former ages!
 Mystery great of Love Divine!

eus, cui mille vires, omnis et pollentia
 itus terrâque, quantum diligit nos caritas
 luo quæ corde fervet ! Dum supernas Angeli
 olunt per cantilenas, procreati nos Tibi
 ri laudes feramus vel minori carmine,
 upremam concinentes demus Ipsi gloriam !

[ay 3, 1870.

In Domini Epiphaniam.

SALVE, Fons Benedictionis Ipse,
 Et Rex omnigenûm Paterque magnus !
 Nunc Gentes, veniâque gratiâque
 Fruentes, adeunt aperta templa,
 Ad sedesque Tuas venire gaudent.

Et nos ante pedes Tuos voluti,
 Inter cœligenas locum tenentes
 Credentesque, Tuam videmus ipsi
 Virtutem, benefacta, veritatem, et
 Te solum venerabimur colentes.

Olim longè aberamus, at reversi,
 Invitante Deo, thronum sacratum
 Volentes petimus ; redemptionis
 Dono lætificamur, atque Tecum
 Irruptâ remanemus unitate.

Eoïs Sapientibus per horas
 Revelata, Deo viam docente,
 Cœlo Stella micans, reclusit illud
 Secretum et Patribus piis negatum,—
 Amorem Domini novum in redemptos !

Hail! Thou all-inviting Saviour;
 Gentiles now their off'ings bring;
 In Thy temple seek Thy favour,
 Jesus Christ our Lord and King!

May we, body, soul, and spirit,
 Live devoted to Thy praise;
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit;
 Grateful anthems ever raise!

"Every creature," &c.—REV. v. 13.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus:"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

O salve vocitans Iesus omnes !
 Nunc Gentes, sua dona conferentes
 Ad delubra, Tuum petunt favorem.
 Confidunt Tibi nunc, Redemptor et Rex,
 Salvator, Dominique Christus Ille !
 Sit nobis, animoque, spirituque,
 Et membris, Tibi servitute verâ
 Obedire, Deus ; sedere, abire
 Tecum, Dux ; Tua dum beata regna
 Sit sors ultima nostra possidere !

Jan. 29, 1870.

Concentus.

VENITE, Sancti, nostra læta carmina
 Jungamus Angelûm choro,
 Quæis millies decem loquelæ vocibus,
 Sed gaudium pari modo
 Est omnibus.
 "Quàm dignus Agnus est," canunt, "ita
 "Nobis honorari, Deus !"
 "Immo Ille dignus est !" et ora concinunt
 Humana, "namque cæsus est
 Pro perditis !"
 Iesus immo dignus est quamplurimo
 Honore cum potentiâ,
 Laudesque majori modo, quàm nos dare
 Tibi, Redemptor, possumus,
 Jam sint Tuæ !

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of HIM that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

“*The earth is full,*” &c.—Ps. xxxiii. 5.

THERE's not a bird with lonely nest,
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing which does not share,
O God, in Thy paternal care.

Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude ;
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.

In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

And ev'ry moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing :
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.

Quicumque suprâ lucidas sedes tenet,
 Poleve, terrâve, aut mari
 Locatur, altè tollat inde maximas
 Tuæque laudes gloriæ
 Interminas !

Totusque mundus omnium viventium
 Beare nomen Illius
 Gaudebit, et laudare, qui sedet,
 Agnus Dei, celso throno
 Cœlestium !

Feb. 16, 1870.

Deus ubique.

Non avis est, nidum quæ solâ ponit eremo,
 In deviis sylvis, in altis montibus,—
 Et nihil in nostro est, quamvis obscurius, orbe,
 Quod non Paterni cura servat Numinis.

Tu, Deus, omne jugum, desertaque tesqua, locosque
 Infructuosos recreas præsentîâ :
 Tuque beas famulos vitæ per acerba vagantes,
 Petente qui Te voce quærunt supplices.

Tu, Pater, es prope nos, non solùm fidus eremo,
 Sed et negotiosa visitas fora :
 Perque vias mundi vitæque pericula præsens
 Amore nos Parentis impigro beas.

Hora Tuis, ut quæque redit, benedicta volatu
 Defert onusto copiosè munera.
 Largiter in terris superasque per ætheris arces
 Hæc dona nobis sempiterna permanent !

May 13, 1870.

"**But I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in
God of my Salvation,**" &c.—HAB. iii. 18.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
For the blessings of the field;
For the stores the gardens yield;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;—
These to that dear Source we owe,
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear,
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall—
Still, if given by grace divine,
Serious to record these mine

Ego in Domino gaudebo, &c.

LAUS sit Domino sine fine,
 Qui tempora nostra coronat
 Benefactis omnigenis, dans
 Hortos, bona pascua, rivos,
 Herbisque feracibus agros,
 Armentaue pingua, villos
 Ovium niveos, et in annum
 Flavas generosus aristas,
 Nubes pluviis tumefactas,
 Solisque calentia nobis
 Hæc lumina læta quotannis !

Quodcunque manu patefactâ
 Spargit nitidos per agros Ver,—
 Quodcunque dat e loculorum
 Præditiuis benefactis
 Autumnus, opum bonus auctor ;—
 Hæc omnia sunt data nobis
 E fonte boni Genitoris,
 De quo fluit omne benigno
 Dono Domini pretiosum !
 Solamina tanta perennes
 Laudes studiumque merentur.

Sin flans Aquilo violentus
 Mox sterneret arva ruinis
 Segetum et messis perituræ,—
 Quamvis pecus et pecudes cum
 Gregibus propriis mihi et cunctis
 Stabulis armenta peribunt ;
 Tamen, in Domini bonitate
 Divina mihi data si vis,
 Te, Christe, proprium retinere,
 Animus, Pater optime, reddet
 Meritos Tibi gratus honores !

ch 26, 1870.

“Joy cometh,” &c.—Ps. xxx. 5.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,—
Ev'n let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may ;

Though vine and fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear ;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Poba Iur.

SUBINDE lux apparuit
Christicolæ canenti.
Quid est? Benignus sic Deus
Exoritur fideli.
Caduca quum sint gaudia,
Exhilarans precantem
Jubar dat Ipse lucidum
Post pluvias et imbres.

Tum leniter de themate
Paciferæ salutis
Excogitamus quod novum
Et melius videtur.
Dolore misso, dicere
Possumus incitati,—
“Cras hora secum quod velit
“Adveniens reportet.

“Et vitis et ficus sua
“Dona mihi recusent;
“Et areat mî pascuum,
“Et pecudes bovesque
“Perdantur omnes; attamen
“Est Deus usque fidus,
“Illoque, tollens laudibus,
“Spem solidam repono!”

April 4, 1870.

"*Speak ye comfortably,*" &c.—Isa. :

On the mountain tops appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion long in hostile lands :
Mourning captive,
God Himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful ?
All thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning ;
Zion still is well-beloved.

Lo ! thy sun is risen in glory ;
God Himself appears thy friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasted triumphs end.
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double ;
In thy Maker's favour blest.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Judaea Liberata.

STAT ECCE ! in altis montibus jam nuncius
Sacer Zioni prædicans præconia,—
Acerba Zioni trahenti vincula,
Dum capta duris detinetur hostium
Eheu ! catenis longius domo suâ.
Captiva Zion lugubris,
Solvat Deus tua Ipse vincula.

Fuitne mœsta nox tibi diutius ?
Omnes amici nec fideles nec tibi
Veri ? Superbiore gressu territam
Te persecuti sunt virorum perfidi,
Quos nulla mitigaverit modestia ?
Dimitte quæstus lugubres ;
Dilecta Zion est adhuc Deo !

Viden' ? tuus sol gloriâ surrexit, et
Deus supremus Ipse fit benignior :
Fugæ cohortes hostium dant tergora
Subacta, cessat omnis et victoria
Ineptior de te : Deique largitas,
Dilecta Zion, cœlitus
Mittit salutem maximam tibi.

Te nullus hostis proruet, aut insolens
Rumpet quietem : fert Dei curis tuis
Opem voluntas, grata fert præsentia.
Quod te pudebat antea nefas abest ;
Suprema Patris te beavit caritas,
Curisque desinentibus,
Æterna pax tibi est et otium !

Feb. 8, 1870.

"The Song of Moses," &c.—RE

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For us whose sins He bore.

Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing:
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
Our brother and our King.

Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come:"
Soon will He call us hence away
To our eternal home.

There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HEAVEN.

"What are these," &c.—REV. v

WHAT are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?

Moses et Agnus.

JAM cantilenam gratulantes tollite
 Moses et Agnus quam docent;
 Et Te, Redemptor, omne cor et undique
 Vox universa prædicet!
 Quam morte caritatem, concinant, suâ,—
 Quam præbuit Jesus redux,
 Ruptis sepulcri vinculis, potentiam,
 Nobis salutem præparans!
 Et dictitent ut nunc supernis advocat
 Locis Sacerdos Maximus
 Causam Suorum Patris in præsentia,
 Et nostra fert piacula!
 Cantate qui Zionis urbem quæritis,
 Agnoque, quem Deus dedit,
 Gaudete: nobis namque Rex est optimus
 Et Frater! Ipse nos vocans
 “Venite,” dicet, “vos beati liberi
 “Ad sempiterna gaudia
 “Domosque cœli!” Sic, movente Spiritu,
 Perenniùs laudabitur
 Noster Redemptor dulciori carmine
 Quàm Mosis atque Agni melos!

Cœlicolæ.

QUID sint cohortes lucidæ,
 In vestibus quæ candidis,
 Ter mille millies, Dei
 Altare cingunt noctis et
 Horis diei, carmina
 Hymni canentes unici,—

" Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name ;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's mig
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

“ Beatitudo, gratia,
 Honor, potestas, gloria,
 Virtus, opesque maximæ,
 Et sceptræ regni latiùs,
 Quàm digna sunt et debita
 Agno, volenter victimæ
 Semelque nobis mortuo ! ”

Hi forsitan per igneos
 Tentationum tramites,
 Hi dura vitæ per mala
 Venère, passi plurima.
 Nunc ante sedem stant Dei,
 Signum gerentes nominis
 In frontibus Potentiæ.
 Sunt candidarum vestium
 Et puriorum quàm nives
 Honore cincti ; dum manus
 Palmas habent victoriæ,
 Quam retulerunt nomine
 Tuo, Redemptor optime !

Illis fames, morbus, sitis
 Ignota ; cœli fructibus
 Vescuntur immortalibus.
 Illosque ducit Agnus ad
 Fontes aquarum limpidos
 Divinitus viventium !
 Singultus illis exulat,
 Ceduntque fletus gaudio.
 Pellit timores Caritas
 Perfecta, Patris ad thronum
 Æternitatis lumine,
 Queis Ipse dextrâ vultibus
 Abstersit omnes lacrymas !

THE CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"Unto you is born this day in the city of :
a Saviour," &c.—LUKE ii. 11.

HARK ! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled ;"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem !"
Hallelujah !

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb !
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.
Hallelujah !

In Festo Natiuitatis Domini.

AUDITE ! tollunt carmina
Densæ cohortes cœlitum,
Regique nobis nupero
Dant gloriam gratissimam.
Telluri pax ! clementia !
Peccator et Numen Dei
Junguntur unà ! Gaudium !
Homines ovantes concinunt
Alasque plaudunt Angeli ;
Dum summa sedes prædicat,—
“ Salvator ingens nascitur,
Et Christus est in Bethlehem.”
Laudate Deum Dominum !

Christus supremis Angelis,
Christus per omnes æones
Veneratus, æternùm Deus !
Gavisus ævo senior
Venisse partu virginis
Purissimæ, sanctissimæ ;
Numenque magnum condidit
Mortalitatis corpore.
En ! carne velatus Deus,
Nudatus omni gloriâ,
Humanitatis particeps,
Immanuel nobis adest !
Laudate Deum Dominum !

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings ;
Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth,—
Born, to give them second birth !
Hallelujah !

FOR DISMISSAL.

“~~And~~ blessed them.”—LUKE xxiv. 50.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
Lord, revive us, travelling through this wilderness

See Note 12 of Appendix I.

Natus Redemptor maximus,
 Princepsque natus pacifer,
 Rectissimus, justissimus,
 Salveto Vindex optimus !
 Alisque Sol sanantibus
 Ortu salutem conferens,
 Vitæque fundens lumina,
 En ! gloriæ deponit suæ
 Humilis coronam : mortuus
 Mortalitatem destruit,
 Et nos redempti vivimus,
 Rursusque cælo nascimur !

Laudate Deum Dominum!

29, 1870.

Benedictio.

DIMITTE nos, Deus, Tuis
 Beatiores sedibus,
 Et corda nostra compleas
 Felicitatis gaudio
 Pacisque dono largiter !
 Sic nos ovantes ibimus,
 Redemptione divites ;

Recreante Te nos

Deserta mundi transeuntes !

Amen.

31, 1869.

THE reader will observe that in this second part of my work I have invented some iambic systems for two or three versions. For example, the system on p. 147 consists of *iambic trimeter* alternating with *dimeter*, and finishing, after four lines, with a *monometer*. That, again, which is found on p. 155 consists of five trimeter lines followed by a couplet made up of an *iambic dimeter* complete and another, which is *brachystalectic*, that is, short by one foot or half a metre. Once more, the last line in each stanza of the Christmas Hymn on p. 161 is *anapestic*; while the last two lines of "Nos dimittit," p. 163, are an *iambic monometer hypercatalectic*, that is, with a syllable in excess, and a *dimeter of the same type*. My object has been as much as possible to imitate the original forms of peculiar metre.

Availing myself in the Christmas Hymn of the word *ansæ*, occurring in Tertullian, I have shortened a syllable which in the Greek is of course long. This I have done more *Prudentially*, not thinking that I "ought to be deprived of a serviceable word through a metrical notation:" and I have done so, as to words, in some other places. I think, however, that Archbishop Trrench, whom I had the honour of instructing, when he was quite a child, in the rudiments of Latin versification, will defend me; at least I judge so from what he says when apologising for some licences in *Prudentina*. See Archbishop's Note at the foot of p. 9 of the Introduction to his *Second Latin Poetry* (Macmillan, 1864).

R.

4, CLIFTON GRESBURY,
SUTTON, SURREY,
April 14, 1871.

Part III.

**CHAIC AND ACCENTUATED RHYME AND
MUSICAL METRES**

**AFTER THE
AMBROSIAN, GREGORIAN, AND
MEDIÆVAL STYLES.**



**"The Blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth
us," &c.—1 JOHN i. 7.**


**THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.**

**The dying thief rejoiced to see
This fountain in his day;
And there would I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.**

**Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.**

**E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.**

**Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.**



Fons Sanguinis.

FONS est sanguine redundans,
Te, Immanuel, exundans,
Et, hoc flumine immersi,
Peccatores universi
Ab omni crimine purgantur
Et, Deo nati, renovantur.
Fur iste moriens gaudebat,
Die ejus, quum videbat
Illum Fontem, quo lavatus
Homo veniâ est donatus ;
Et me, sons ut ille, sontem
Ducat Dominus ad Fontem.
Care, moriens, Redemptor
Agnus Dei, vitæ emptor,
Sanguis Tuus perdet nunquam
Vim vitalem, atque unquam
Prævalebit, dum servata
Tua plebs sit, et locata
Cœli in beatâ domo,
Et Dux sederit in throno.
Tempore, quo credens flumen
Vidi quod dat venis Numen,
Et, Te vulnerato, rivus
Me lavit moriturum vivus,
Vis Tui sanguinis, Salvator,
Et caritas in me cantator !
At quum lingua hæc silebit,
Mors et membris insidebit
Tum, in musâ dulciori,
Carmine tum digniori,
Te Salvatorem celebrabo !
Te Deum Dominum vocabo !

"I retreat from the tempest," &c.—In

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Refugium.

MEÆ animæ Amator,
 Jesu, hominum Salvator,
 Dum propius hi fluctus sonant,
 Dum fulmina et cælum tonant,
 Ad Te fugiam tutamen,
 Te præsidium, Te solamen :
 Et me intra Tuum pectus,
 Quo sim a procellâ tectus,
 Tu, Salvator, condas ritè,
 Dum cessârit turbo vitæ :
 Mihi fulmen hoc sit brutum ;
 Duc me intra portus tutum !

Quid refugium nisi Tecum ?
 Quid levamen mihi mecum ?
 Sim servandus Tibi, Deus,
 Omnipotens Salvator meus !
 In Te inops, æger, spero ;
 Me et meos ad Te fero :
 Ne oblitum me relinquas,
 Tu, qui miseris propinquas !
 Caput indefensum tegas,
 Tu, qui nil roganti negas !
 Animus mî sit imbutus
 Fide Tuâ et sum tutus.

Tu, O Christe, omne votum
 Tu complebis, omne notum,—
 Votum mihi, notum Tibi
 Magis quàm cor noscit sibi !
 Tuum tollere cadentes,
 Adjuvare non valentes ;
 Et, cum famulus sit fessus,
 Est Tuum regere mî gressus.

Just and holy is Thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness :
Vile and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

“The Cross of our Lord,” &c.—GAL. vi

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Justum, sanctum, nomen Tuum ;
 Scelus hominis est suum.
 Ego obrutus peccatis,
 Tu plenus Dei veritatis !

Tecum gratia abundat,
 Erga miseros redundat,
 Velans omnia peccata,
 Corda reddens emendata.
 Salutares mitte rivos ;
 Fac nos puros, serva vivos !
 Tu vitalis Fons et faustus,
 De Te sumam gratiæ haustus :
 Tu Fons cœlo oriundus,
 Largus, lucidus, profundus !
 Mæ animæ Amator,
 Deus, Dominus, Salvator !

Nov. 23, 1869.

Crux.

QUANDO admirandam Crucem,
 Obiit quâ mortem truce
 Jesus, Princeps Gloriæ,
 Divitias ingentes sperno ;
 Et, dum morientem cerno,
 Renuncio superbiæ.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me n
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature min
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Nihilo ni Christi morte
Pectus mihi fiat forte ;—
 Hanc precem Deus audiat !
Jam depono mundi vana,
Perosus ea ut profana,
 Nec unquam his cor gaudeat !

En ! ut de sacris manibus
De capite, de pedibus
 Mœror et amor exeunt !
Quando fuit talis mœror
 Atque unâ tantus amor,
 Quæ Crucifixo defluunt !

Tibi nam corona qualis
 E spinis fit ? ut nulla talis
 Argentea vel aurea !
 Nulla hominum corona,
 Nullæ gemmæ, regis dona,
 Ut Tua, Christe, laurea !

Non, si undique Natura
 Foret mihi se datura,
 Effundens opes gremio,
 Offerrem hanc oblationem
 Ut dignam Te donationem,
 Munere tam abstemio.

Tanta caritas miranda,
 Et tanta pietas amanda,
 Erga sontem me et reum,
 Animum redempti Tui,
 Vitam, sacrificium sui,
 Poscunt me et omne meum !

"I will keep it Night and Day."—

God, that madest earth and heaven
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine angel-guards defend us
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie !
When the last dread call shall wake
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

See Note 13 of Appendix I.

"Nocte et Die serbo sam."

Deus, terras qui polosque
Creavisti, qui tenēbras
 Lucemque mundi nitidam,
Meo tempus dans labori,
Per horas rapidæ diei,
 Et noctem somno propriam :—
Adsit cohors Angelorum,
Sopor lecto dulcis adsit;
 Spes fida pectus habeat,
Et imago somniorum
Tui referens figuram
 Se corde meo teneat !
Horas per quotidianas,
Vigilans, et consopitus
 Noctu, Tibi protegar;
Et, ad finem Te secutus,
Dextrâ Tuâ me juvante,
 In spe et pace moriar !
At, vox quando Angelorum
Me ex tumultu citabit,
 Vivificans reliquias,
Ne me Deus, precor, spernas
Sed in cœlo coronatum
 Regnare Tecum jubeas !

ov. 16, 1869.

"Go forward."—EXOD. xiv. 15.

Off in sorrow and in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe :
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

In Prælium iturus.

Ito, sæpe per dolorem
Ito, sæpe per mœrorem
 In hostis regionibus;
Vi cœlesti roboratus,
Pane vivo sustentatus,
 In Dei legionibus.

Ito, Christi subter cruce
Christi miles, Christo duce;
 Ejus potestate fortis
In hostiles tibi vultus
Fige oculos, dum ultus
 Signa gesseris in portis.

Pugnam pugna, gerens bellum,
Et, cum Satanâ duellum
 Feroce dirum iniens,
Aut sævam aciem aggressus,
Ne sis mollis, ne defessus,
 Ut timidus et periens.

Franges sub hoc signo crucis
Vires inimici trucidis;
 In fine feres gloriam:
Vincens sub hoc crucis signo,
Vincens Crucifixi ligno,
 Ibis ad victoriam.

Let your drooping hearts be glad :
March in heavenly armour clad :
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your :

Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prov
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

The version of this beautiful Hymn is one c
as executed by me. I found the use of the sing
in the Latin instead of the plural in the origi
able. I have also amplified and somewhat
but the sentiments of the hymn are strictly p

Cor in Jesu solo fretum
Semper fidens sit et lætum ;
 Ito, cœlitùs armatus,
Nec pugnam initam relinque :
Dux tibi fidus stat propinquè
 Pro te a Genitore datus.

Ne sint lacrymæ ocellis,
Nec gemitus in hisce bellis,
 Nam tibi est victoria :
Cito tolles cantilenam
Jubilationis plenam,—
 Io triumphe ! gloria !

I in prœlium, miles, ito :
Caput lauru redimito,
 Vis ut hostis sic vis tua.
Tu et fratres jam victores
Eritis, et mox hōnores
 Christus dabit manu suâ.

Christiane, I mœrore,
Dux te roborat vigore :
 Fides tua triumphabit.
Quamvis hostes te circumstent,
Fugâ vides ut tergum dent,
 Et Dominus te coronabit !

Nov. 22, 1869.

"My Heart shall rejoice," &c.—Ps. xiii. 13 

SALVATION ! oh the joyful sound !

'Tis pleasure to our ears,

A sovereign balm to every wound,

A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,

Be unto the Lamb for ever !

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer ;

Hallelujah ! praise ye the Lord.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,

In death's dark gloom we lay ;

But we arise, by grace divine,

To see a heavenly day.

Glory, honour, &c.

Salvation ! let the echo fly

The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky

Conspire to raise the sound.

Glory, honour, &c.

Salvation ! oh Thou bleeding Lamb !

To Thee the praise belongs.

Salvation shall inspire our hearts,

And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, honour, &c.

Salus Hominum.

SALUS, Salus, O vox læta !
 Salus hominum completa !
 Omne vulnus est curatum,
 Omne fractum cor sanatum.
 Honor, laus, et gloria,
 Agno sit victoria !
 Jesus nobis est Salvator,
 Hallelujah !
 Nomen Domini laudator !

Nam in vinculis peccati
 Mortisque fuimus prostrati :
 Sed tollimur amore Dei
 E tenebris ad lucem spei.
 Honor, laus, &c.


Salus ! volet echo alis
 Ad obrutos Adami malis ;
 Et, quà Cœlites circumstant
 Divinum thronum, concinant,—
 Honor, laus, &c.

O qui vitam effudisti,
 Et perituros redemisti,
 Laudes Tibi sint oblatae,
 Tibi, Redemptori, datæ :
 Nam nos SALUS inspirabit,
 Et linguis nostris habitabit.
 Honor, laus, &c.


Dec. 2, 1869.

"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power," 

REV. v. 13.

COME, saints, and adore Him; come bow at His feet 
Come, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet:
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

To the Lamb that was slain all honour be paid;
Let crowns without number encircle His head;
Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might,
Be ascribed evermore by the angels of light.

Come, saints, and adore Him; come bow at His feet 
Come, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet:
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

"Thy Name is as ointment," &c.—SONG i. 3.

How sweet the name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Venite Supplices.

VENITE, sancti, supplicantes
In genibus, et venerantes
 Adorate Dominum :
Illum gloria donate,
Illum, ut decet, laudate,
 Salvatorem hominum !

Tollite jam cantilenas
Gaudio ovante plenas,
 Cum concentu Cœlitum.
Agno nunc sit honor datus,
Qui, pro nobis immolatus,
 Servat vitam omnium !

Mille pectus cingant zonæ,
Cingant tempora coronæ,
 Innumeræ et aures !
Illi omnis est victoria,
Illi debita sit gloria,
 Potestas, opes, lauræ.

Venite, sancti, supplicantes
In genibus, et venerantes
 Adorate Dominum :
Illum gloria donate,
Illum, ut decet, laudate,
 Salvatorem hominum !

n. 18, 1869.

Nomen Jesus.

QUAM dulce, quam mellifluum,
Credenti, Jesu, nomen Tuum ;
Mulcens vulnerum dolorem,
Omnem abigens timorem !

Ægrum spiritum quàm sanat !
Pectus turbidum quàm placat !
Est esurie oppresso
Manna, requiesque fesso !

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

"Jesus, Thou Son of David," &c.—MARK X.

WHEN the heart is sad within,
 Burdened with the weight of sin:
 When the spirit sinks with fear,
 Jesus, Son of David, hear!

Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
 Though the sins were not Thine own;
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear.
 Jesus, Son of David, hear!

Dulce nomen, mihi turris,
 Tu mihi clypeus succurris :
 Tutamen, domus, latebræ,
 Thesaurus plenus gratiæ !

O Tu, Amicus, Pontifex,
 Pastor, Propheta, mihi Rex,
 Vita, Via, Conjux, Hospes,
 Has fero laudes in Te sospes.

Debilis est cordis mei
 Impetus, vis parva spei ;
 Sed, quum Te cerno qualis sis,
 Ut debitum laudaberis.

Nunc nomen Tuum prædicarem,
 Et totum me ad opus darem,
 Dum vita regit artus hos :
 Sed, quando mors vocabit nos,
 Tui nominis solamen
 Sit mihi ultimum tutamen !

Amen.

ec. 12, 1869.

Filius Davidis.

QUANDO cor est oneratum,
 Suum sentiens peccatum ;
 Et quum obrutus mœrore
 Defecit spiritus timore ;
 Jesu, Fili Davidis,
 Ausculta nostris precibus !

Sensisti Tu tristitiam
 Dolores et mœstitiam :
 Pro sontibus Tu insons, bonus,
 Tulisti peccatorum onus.
 Jesu, Fili Davidis,
 Ausculta nostris precibus !

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the human tear.
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

When our dying hour shall come,
And the Lord shall call us home ;
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

Thou hast passed through death's dark
Thou hast full atonement made :
Thou to God's right hand art near.
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

“How beautiful,” &c.—ISA. lii. 7

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal !

Quum mala pressis ingruunt
 Capitibus, et defluunt
 Amaræ lacrymæ, dum nos
 Deploramus mortuos,
 Jesu, Fili Davidis,
 Ausculta nostris precibus !

Tu Te carne vestivisti
 Humanitatis ; Tu sensisti
 Ærumnas hominum ; mœrores
 Humanos nôsti et dolores.
 Jesu, Fili Davidis,
 Ausculta nostris precibus !

Quando sumus morituri,
 Et mox domum redituri,—
 Ad judicium Te vocante,
 Contra Satanâ testante,
 Jesu, Fili Davidis,
 Ausculta nostris precibus !

Mortis vias Tu intrâsti :
 Mundi scelus expiâsti
 Omne Tu. Nunc sceptrâ tenes
 Quâ ad Patris dextram sedes !
 Jesu, Fili Davidis,
 Ausculta nostris precibus !

Dec. 24, 1869.

Præconia Evangelica.

QUAM illorum pulcri pedes,
 Qui Zionis tenent sedes ;
 Qui Salvatorem prædicant
 Et grata pacis verba dant !

How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for
 And sought, but never found !
 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light !
 Prophets and kings desired it long
 But died without the sight.
 The Lord makes bare His arms
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God !

“ He is King of kings,” &c.—*Rev.*

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name,
 Ye angels, prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him, Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him, Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail Him who saves you by His arm,
 And crown Him, Lord of all.

Nostræ aures quàm beatæ
 Quis voces hilares sunt latæ !
 Prophetæ longùm hæc sperabant,
 Et reges frustrâ expectabant.
 Omnes iis benedicent,
 Qui hanc cœli lucem vident,
 Prophetis, regibus negatam,
 Nec quamvis morituris datam.
 O Domine, vim demonstratam
 Ostende per tellurem latam,
 Et videat gens omnis meum
 Magnum Salvatorem, Deum !

ec. 10, 1869.

In Jesum Coronatum.

SALVE, Nomen potestatis !
 Jesus ! Nomen majestatis !
 Est Salvator hominum.

Diadema præparetur,
 Angelis et coronetur
 Jesus Rector omnium !

Sub altari vocitantes
 Martyres, nunc triumphantes
 Adorate Dominum.

Filius Jessæ honoretur
 Atque vobis coronetur
 Jesus Rector omnium !

Vobis, semen Israël,
 Prisca plebs Immanuelis
 Debilis gens hominum,
 Salvator Ille salutetur
 Et, nam fas est, coronetur
 Jesus Rector omnium !

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him, Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him, Lord of all.

O that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall,
 There join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him, Lord of all !

“ *Glorious things,* ” &c.—Ps. lxxxvii.

GLOBIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode ;
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 See ! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from Eternal Love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all dread of want remove.

Quod Ille senserit amari
 Licet vobis admirari,
 Peccatores Gentium !
 Jubilate ! Acclametur,
 Et tropæis coronetur
 Jesus Rector omnium !

O nunc Angelis supernè
 Et Cœlicolis æternè,
 Cum electis Hominum,
 Redemptor Ille cantitetur,
 Et Salvator coronetur,—
 Jesus Rector omnium !

æc. 26, 1869.

Civitas Dei.

Dicta de te sunt miranda,
 Zion, civitas amanda.
 Ille, cujus nobis pactum
 Nunquam potest esse fractum,
 Tuas sacrosantas ædes
 Fecit, proprias Sibi sedes.
 Te Rupe Æonum fundatam,
 Dei manu Te vallatam,
 Hostica vis nulla tanget,
 Nec pacem requiemve franget.
 De hoste ita triumphabis
 Quem catenis victrix dabis !

Ecce ! flumina aquarum
 Dei gratiâ vivarum,
 Æterno orta ex amore,
 Supplem rivo largiore

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows, their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

“ To make Intercession,” &c.—HEB. vii. 25

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;

Natos et natas credentes,
 Dehinc nunquam sitientes.
 Hæc dum fluit aqua pura,
 Quæ sitis ægra sit futura?
 Gratia est ut ejus Dator,
 Sempiterna ut Creator;
 Et pax Dei est ut Deus,
 Ne post veniam sit reus!

Si sit mea sors, Salvator,
 Esse civis, gloriabor
 Titulo, quem Tu dedisti
 Quum mihi vincula fregisti;
 Quamvis homines derident,
 Aut me miserandum vident.
 Hujus mundi transit honor,
 Flos marcescit, perit color.
 Soli gaudiis fruuntur
 Quæis portæ cœlicæ panduntur.
 Vera est in Te voluptas,
 O Zion, Dei Civitas.

Feb. 1, 1870.

THE METRE IS TROCHAIC DIMETER CATALECTIC, EACH
 STANZA ENDING WITH AN ELEGIAC COUPLET.

Ad Animam Portatio.

SURGE, surge, Mens mea,
 Criminisque consciam
 Dissipa formidinem :
 Nam sacrata Victima,
 Me vadata sanguine
 Advocans apparuit.

Before the throne my Surety stands ;
My name is written on His hands ¹.

He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead :
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One ;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.

My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba Father, cry.

¹ See Isaiah xlix. 16.

En! meus ante Patris solium stat Sponsor amicus,
Inscriptum palmis nomen habens famuli.

Immortalis est supèr
Advocatus agnitus
In mei beneficium²;
Ejus ipso sanguine
Atque amore deditis
Pro salute gentium,—
Sanguine, qui, nobis divina piacula solvens
Omnibus, aspergit rore thronum veniæ!

Uctione præditus
Quàm potens est cum Patre
Filius! Nam diligit
Et fovet carissimum:
Sic, videns per Medium²,
Nos habet in præsentia.
Spiritus Ipse pio concordat sanguine Christi,
Et mihi testatur me genuisse Deum!

Pace Patris redditâ
Sum beatus veniâ²:
Illius vocem audiens
Me salutantis Suum,
Non tremo diutius
Factus ejus filius!
Sic fidens gaudensque simul Genitore, propinquo
Ante pedes, clamans Mi Pater! Abba, Pater!
March 19, 1870.

These are anapæsts replacing the equivalent dactyls.

“*The Time of the,*” &c.—REV. xi. 18.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !

The end of things created !

The Judge of mankind doth appear,

On clouds of glory seated !

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore

The dead which they contained before :

Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,

At the last trumpet's sounding,

Caught up to meet Him in the skies,

With joy their Lord surrounding :

No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;

His presence sheds eternal day

On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,

Behold His wrath prevailing ;

For they shall rise, and find their tears

And sighs are unavailing :

Ultimus Ille Dies.

MAGNE Deus, quæ videnda !

Dira quæ sunt audienda !

Ecce, Judex hominum !

Finis adest jam Naturæ

Pereuntis cum Tellure,

Et ruina omnium !

Cœlitus Rex Ipse venit,

Nubium amictu redit

Cum tubarum sonitu ;

Mortis vincula solvuntur,

Sepulti tumulis redduntur

Angelorum monitu.

Quæis in Christo obdormire

Erat sors, illis redire

Primis humo dabitur :

Illis Christo convenire,

Et vias superas obire,

Quæ Gloria ! clamabitur.

Stant circum Dominum gaudentes,

Sublatis manibus plaudentes,

In cœli regionibus.

Domino præsentē, dies

Sempiterna, certa quies

Redemptis legionibus !

Sed damnandos peccatores

Mille agitant timores,

Quos vindicta opprimit ;

Et, e tumulis surgentes,

Agunt nil, nil prosunt flentes,

Nam Deus preces rejicit.

The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
Low at His cross, I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

“ Him that cometh to Me,” &c.—JOHN vi. 37.

Just as I am ! without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd’st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am ! and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Præteriit salutis hora,
 Supplicio est nulla mora :
 Ante thronum trepidi
 Stant Judicis, vociferantes
 Frustrà, frustrà lacrymantes,
 Plorantes et perterriti !

Ast ego ad Crucis pedem
 Humilis appono sedem,
 Me præparans venire
 Ante Illum, cui Natura
 Si placitum est peritura
 In isto die iræ.

Magne Deus, quæ videnda !
 Mihi quæ sunt audienda
 Tempore supplicii !
 Jesu, mihi sis Servator,
 Tu sis mihi Præparator¹
 In diem judicii !

Dec. 21, 1869.

Humiliter et Suppliciter.

Ut ego sum ! nec alia ratione utens
 Quàm quòd mihi prosit, precor, sanguis Tuus fluens,
 Et quòd me sæpe vocites, exoriri jubens ;—
 Agne Dei, venio !

Ut ego sum ! neque, die perditò, moratus,
 Quasi meâ vi possem mox esse liberatus
 Vel labe minimâ, ad Te per quem sum lavatus,
 Agne Dei, venio !

¹ This word is used by Tertullian.

Just as I am ! though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 With fears within and wars without,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am ! poor, wretched, blind ;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am ! Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am ! Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down ;
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

“ King of kings,” &c.—REV. xix. 16.

WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,
 Whose sound through heaven rings ?
 They welcome Jesus to the sky,
 And crown Him,—King of kings.

At sight of Him, yon seraphs bright
 Exulting clap their wings ;
 They hail their Lord with new delight,
 And crown Him,—King of kings.

Ut ego sum ! et quamvis multiplici tumultu
Huc illuc agor dubitans, plurimo singultu,
Per metus intùs extràque pugnas, tristi vultu.
 Agne Dei, venio !

Ut ego sum ! pauper, miser, cæcis oculis, et flens.
Visum, opes, salutem, quæ requirit mea mens,
Atque in Te omne desideratum obtinens,
 Agne Dei, venio !

Ut ego sum ! Tu solus me potes recreare,
Tu purum facere succurrens, Tu relevare,
Tu me credentem reatu meo liberare.
 Agne Dei, venio !

Ut ego sum ! nam amor Tuus, quem quis cognovit ?
 Vincula rupit, omnemque obicem removit,
 Et me esse Tuum spem dulcem pectore fovit.
 Agne Dei, venio !

Feb. 2, 1870.

Regum Reg.

Voces quianam lætantes
 Sunt insolitò sonantes
 Cœli per dominium ?
 Jesum Angeli salutant
 Ascendentem, et coronant
 Regum Regem omnium !
 Illum Seraphim videntes,
 Alis rapidis plaudentes,
 Ut amici hominum,
 Jesum Dominum proclamant
 Gratulantes, et coronant
 Regum Regem omnium !

Look up, ye saints, and, while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things:
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown Him,—King of kings,

We hope, ere long, beyond those clouds,
To tune celestial strings,
And join with Heaven's exulting crowds
To crown Him,—King of kings.

"A Name above every name."—PHIL. ii. 7

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore,—
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

Great Prophet of my God,

Illum Sancti contemplantes,
 Nec terrena memorantes
 Evanida ut somnium,
 Salvatoris laudes cantent
 Una voce, et coronent
 Regum Regem omnium !
 Et nos carmina tollamus,
 Ultra nubes quâ speramus,
 Ut redempti hominum,
 Lyras aureas vibrare,
 Et Jesum nostrum coronare
 Regum Regem omnium !

c. 29, 1869.

Nomen Dominum.

PANGE nomen omne mirum
 Prudentiæ divinitûs,
 Atque amoris sempiterni
 Potentiæque cœlitûs ;—
 Omne quod mortalis ullus
 Vel angelus cognoverit ;—
 Ista proclamare laudes
 Salvatoris atque honores
 Omnia deficiunt.
 Te mea lingua vult beare,
 Dei Propheta maxime ;
 Nostræ nam salutis affers
 Felicis Ipse nuncium,—
 Lætum nuncium redemptis,—
 Quòd Mors subacta vincitur :
 Quòd peccata condonantur,
 Orcus et Nox quòd domantur,
 Pace datâ Domino.

To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
Behold my soul at freedom set !
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

Divine Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing :
Thine is the power ; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet !

Now let my soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down ;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown :
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though Death and Hell obstruct the way

Huic Sponsori cariori
Commissa causa linquitur
Quamvis fracta Lex est, Ille
Vadatur et me vindicat.
Ille me cœlo reducit,
Patremque placat perduto.
En ! sum liber ! Ipse Sponsor
Nostra solvit hæc tremenda
Debita pro famulis.

Jesus, maximus Sacerdos,
Cruore fuso mortuus,
Fert opem veniamque nobis ;
Me sonte, culpa solvitur,
Nec piaculum nefandis
Aliud ego quæram volens ;
Omne sanguis expiavit
Crimen, et nunc orat usque
Ante Dei solium.

O qui Rector es Paterque
Æternus omnium, Deus ;
Procliator atque Victor,
Regnante Cœli gratiâ ;
Sceptra dico, tela canto,
Nam solus es potentior !
Ad Te veni ; vinculisque
Dulcibus, volenter captus,
Ante pedes sedeo.

Tentatore nunc subacto,
Meum cor surgat intimum.
Imperator en ! te ducit,
Tropæa monstrans impigro ;
Et victorias ovantem
Adire Secum te jubet !
Sanctus, debilis, pauperque
Vincet, quamvis Orcus et Mors
Ire viam prohibent !

Feb. 11, 1869.

The Old Christmas Hymn.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by ni
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
“To you and all mankind.

“To you, in David’s town, this day
“Is born, of David’s line,
“The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
“And this shall be the sign,—

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find
“To human view displayed,
“All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
“And in a manger laid ! ”

In Festo Natiuitatis Domini.

Oves dum custodientes,
 Omnes humi considerantes,
 Pastores noctu vigilant,
 Dei Angelus in cœlo
 Apparet, absente velo,
 Et flammæ lucis emicant.

At timor subitus sedentes
 Cepit eos hæc videntes ;
 Angelus tum inquiebat,—
 “ Ne, amici, timeatis ;
 “ Nihil est quod metuatis,
 “ Nam vobis bona Deus dat.

“ En ! gratum fero nuntium
 “ Hominibusque gaudium ;—
 “ Fruimini lætitiâ,—
 “ Nam vobis hodie est natus
 “ Salvator, qui à Deo datus
 “ Vos redimet mœstitiâ.

“ Davidis in civitate
 “ Bethlehem, familiâque
 “ Messiah adest cominus ;
 “ Decus et solamen nobis
 “ Salus et tutamen vobis,
 “ Qui est Christus, Dominus !

“ Ibi vos,—notate signum,
 “ Videbitis infantulum
 “ Jacentem in præsepibus.
 “ Ecce ! Ille, qui divinus
 “ Et cœlestis est, vestitus
 “ Fasciis pauperibus ! ”

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song ;—

“ All glory be to God on high,
“ And to the earth be peace ;
“ Good will henceforth from heaven to men
“ Begin and never cease ! ”

“ *Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord,* ” &c.—Is

THOUGH Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Seraph to Seraph sings ;
And angel-choirs with one accord
Worship with veiled wings ;—
Though earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne,
Thy way amidst the sea,
Thy path deep floods, Thy steps unknown,
Thy counsels mystery :—

Yet wilt Thou look on him who lies
A suppliant at Thy feet,
And listen to the feeblest cries
That reach Thy mercy-seat.

Hæc quum Angelus, emergunt
 Cohors Cœlitum, et surgunt
 Alas lucidas vibrantes :
 Applaudunt Deo Cherubim,
 Proclamant Christum Seraphim,
 Voce unâ sic cantantes,—

“ Deo gloria supernè,
 “ Terræ longa pax infernè,
 “ In regione hominum !
 “ Incipit conciliatura ¹
 “ Sine termino datura
 “ Pacatum Suis Dominum !”
 Amen !

Jan. 8, 1870.

Ter Sanctus.

QUAMVIS Sancte ! Sancte ! Sancte !
 Et Seraphim et Cherubim
 Invicem clamare gaudent
 Carminibus perpetuis ;
 Seque velant concinentes
 Aligeri Cœlicolæ ;
 Quamvis pontus atque terra
 Subjiciatur pedibus,
 Et thronus cœlum super sit ;
 Dum, gradiens per pelagus,
 Nos celas pedum vias, et
 Non retegis consilium
 Humano generi :
 Attamen curabis illum,
 Qui lacrymis suppliciter
 Ad pedes Tuos stratus sit
 Atque preces accipies,
 Quas Fideles ante sedem
 Ore pio congeminant.

¹ Used by Seneca, Epist. 97.

Through Him who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare.
Through Him in whom Thy fulness dwelt,
We offer up our prayer.
O strengthen us with strength divine,
When at Thy feet we fall :
Lord, cause Thy face on us to shine ;
Hear us ! on Thee we call.

"He that keepeth," &c.—Ps. cxxi. 4.

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign.

Olim gloriæ majestas
 Per Cherubim nota fuit
 Veteribus ; Deum sed ipsi
 Nunc petimus per Dominum,
 Quum Redemptor carne nostrâ,
 Se manifestans simili,
 Venerit ad populum.

O Deus, per qui dura vitæ
 Mille modis nostra tulit,
 Qui morbosque plurimasque,
 Collacrymans, commiserans,
 Sensit ægritudines, et
 Mortis acutum didicit,—
 Per, cui Patris plenitudo
 Omnis inest, cum precibus
 Te rogamus, ut Tuâ vi
 Nos famulos instituas
 In pacis viâ, precamur,
 Accipiens impavidos
 Per Christum Dominum !

Feb. 12, 1870.

AD DEUM PRECES AUDIENTEM.

O TU precum inspirator ¹
 Et auditor, boni dator,
 Fidus pastor famulorum,
 Custos, dux, et rex Tuorum,
 Nunc me et mea Tibi dem,
 An dormiam, an vigilem.
 Si mihi sis pro clypeo,
 Si sis pro solis radio,
 Nulla nox sit mihi nigra,
 Tecum nulla dies pigra ;
 Tempus enim fugiens me
 Fert propinquiorem ad Te.

¹ Cælius Sedulius, A.D. 434.

Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while Thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

Their service no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join ;
And love, and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.



“ Harpers harping,” &c.—REV. xiv. 2.

On the hill of Zion standing,

Lo ! the Lamb of God appears ;—

Scenes of glory far expanding,

Far above this vale of tears ;—

Songs of rapture

Falling sweet on mortal ears !

Angelique vigilantes,
 Circa sanctos ministrantes,
 Die servant domicilia,
 Noctu protegunt cubilia,
 Et custodiunt fortiter,
 Qui in Te credunt firmiter.

Illi nunquam fatigantur
 Sanctis, qui Deo amantur,
 Servientes : semper adsunt,
 Omnia die, nocte, agunt :
 Ipsi Domino canentes,
 Dum nos curant quiescentes.

Et mox, dies ordinatus
 Quum affuerit, et translatus
 Choros adeam Angelorum,
 Tum et Dominum illorum
 Et Patrem meum adorabo,
 Semperque venerans amabo !

March 28, 1870.

Adventus Domini.

In Zionis alto colle
 Agnus Ille cernitur,
 Pandunturque gloriosa
 Regna cœli latiùs,
 Hâc procul valle flentium,—
 Angelorum
 Cantilenâ
 Sonante nostris auribus !

Lo ! He comes ! With awful wonder,
Hark, those strains of joy untold,—
Deep'ning on and on like thunder,
Never learnt or sung of old :—
Blissful Harpers,
Harping on their harps of gold !

Lo ! He comes ! In heaven appearing,
Mark yon herald Angel's flight,
Glad eternal tidings bearing
To the lands of heathen night !
O'er the nations
Breaks a flood of Gospel light !

Lo ! He comes ! the heavens unfold Him ;
King of kings, He comes to reign !
Crowned, enthroned, ye saints behold Him,
Once for you baptized in pain.
Come, Lord Jesus ;
Even so, Amen, Amen !

“ Christ the Wisdom,” &c.—PROV. viii. 22—3

ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills ;
Before He filled the fountains
That feed the running rills ;

Admirandus en ! Redemptor
 Ipse præsens advenit.
 Jubilationis, audin' ?
 Carmen usque tollitur,
 Ut fulmen poli sonorum ;
 Et Beati
 Pulsitantes
 Videntur aureas lyras !

Visus advenit supernè :
 Devolans et Angelus
 Sempiterna nuncia edit
 Ægris nationibus
 Quæis sedebat atra nox ; et
 Lumen ingens
 Gaudiorum
 Effulget ecce ! Gentibus !

Advenit, patente cœlo,
 Regum Rex ut imperet ;
 Cinctus en ! caput coronâ,
 Nubibusque considens :
 Baptizatus Ille quondam
 In dolore,
 Ut Redemptor.
 Veni, Domine Jesu, veni !

Feb. 9, 1870.

Christus, Sapientia Dei.

PRIUSQUAM Deus altos montes
 Ipse fabricaverat,
 Aut fluviorum rivos fontes
 Sic affatim creaverat ;—

In Me from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is My name.

When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure
And I was with Him then :
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And Mine the sons of men.

Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race !

Priusquam supinatos colles
Laticibus ditaverat,
Et pascua camposque molles
Graminibus donaverat ;—
Quàm longa sit æternitas
Et ante ulla tempora,
Jehovæ jam Paternitas
Me habuit ad pectora ;
Illique mea
Complacuit præsentia,
Cujus ego sum Imago
Atque Sapientia.

Et quando, ut tentorium
Ad habitandum homini,
Expanderat marmoreum
Id firmamentum Domini ;
Aut strinxerat in cingulis
Neptuni regnum humidum,
Ut refrænaret vinculis
Iratum atque tumidum ;—
Mensurâ et ponderibus
Tum Pater operatus est ;
Sed istis in temporibus
Filius consultatus est.
Simulque in me
Se Pater delectavit,
Et Filius lætatus est,
Quòd perditos servavit !

Sic verba Sapientiæ
Discipulos nos edocent
Vim Tuæ Patientiæ,
Simulque omnes admonent,—
Quòd Tu nostrî sis Amator,
Solusque Dei gloriæ,—
Quòd sis Tu hominum Salvator,
Et Dominus victoriæ !

Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above ;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

And couldst Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted
And nailed Thee to a tree ?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine !
The voice that speaks in thunder
Says, " Sinner, I am thine !"

" Rejoice, again I say," &c.—PH

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice
Rejoice ! again I say, Rejoice !

Antequam stella splendeat
 Per polos cœli nitidos,
 Tuus oculus videbat
 Desuper discipulos :
 Prudenterque
 Nos creâsti Sapiens,
 Et pro nobis moriebaris,
 In caritate diligens.

An potuisti delectari
 In nobis criminosis,
 Qui, Te viso, vulnerari
 Perfidis et vitiosis
 Te tradidimus ; ut ligno
 Sceleratis, Te perosis,
 Figereris tam indigno
 Manibus perniciosis !
 Inscrutabile mirandum
 In amore sempiterno !
 Nunc quid erit non sperandum
 Ex mysterio superno ?
 Namque Tua vox
 Quæ sæpe volvit tonitrum
 Eadem edicit nobis,—
 “ Peccator, Ego Tuus sum ! ”

. 15, 1870.

Regnat Dominus.

REX est Dominus ! Lætantes
 Atque, homines, ovantes
 Regem veneramini !
 Grato animo canentes,
 Et, ut decet pœnitentes,
 Undique lætamini !
 Sursum corda ! sursum mentes
 Atque iterum gaudentes,
 Dico, vos lætamini !

The Mighty Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love ;
 When He had purged our stains,
 He took His seat above.
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice ;
 Rejoice ! again I say, Rejoice !

He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all His foes submit,
 And bow to His command,
 And fall beneath His feet.
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice ! again I say, Rejoice !

Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take His servants up
 To their eternal home.
 We soon shall hear th' Archangel's
 The trump of God shall sound Rejoice

"It is Finished," &c.—JOHN xi

HARK ! the voice of Love and Mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the shroud
 " It is finished !"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

Nam omnipotens Salvator,
 Verus Deus, boni Dator,
 Supernè regnat in vos !
 Quum curaverat peccata,
 Ut sint omnia purgata,
 Placavit Patrem in nos !
 Sursum corda ! &c.

Ad Jehovæ dextram sedit,
 Dum hostes penitus subegit
 In vinculis imperii ;—
 Dum, in genibus prostrate,
 Ante thronum sunt delati.
 In die judicii !
 Sursum corda ! &c.

Gaudete spe victoriæ,
 Nam Jesus, Judex gloriæ,
 Iterum adveniet ;
 Atque famulos fidentes
 Æternis, stellæ ut nitentes,
 Domibus suscipiet !
 Sursum corda ! &c.

Feb. 12, 1870.

For Calvariæ.

AUDIN' ? clara vox amoris
 Et pacis sonat nefasto
 Culmine Calvariæ !
 Rupes ecce ! frangit illa
 Tellus mota, caligoque
 Ingruit horribilis.
 Consummatum !
 Audin' ?
 Salvator clamat moriens.

"It is finished!" O what pleasure
 Do the wond'rous words afford!
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finished!"
 Saints the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;—
 Finished what our God had promised;
 Death and Hell no more shall awe
 "It is finished!"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Strike them to Immanuel's name.
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join the triumph to proclaim.
 "It is finished!"
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

See Note 14 of Appendix I.

Consummatum! Quid beati
 Sermo præbet admirandus!
 Innumerabilibus
 Donamur bonis, supernè
 Nobis advocante Christo
 Ante Patris solium.
 Consummatum!
 Sancti,
 Vox Morientes vobis est.

Consummata Lex, et omne
 Exemplar, typique cuncti
 Præteriti Veterum!
 Consummata, quæ fidelis
 Promisit Deus! Mors et Hades
 Diutiùs non terrent.
 Consummatum!
 Fidi,
 Hinc ducite solamina.

Jam cantate cantilenas,
 Angeli, lyris novatis:
 Vos vocat Immanuel!
 Omnes cælitùs superni
 Omnes incolæ telluris
 Exhilarate simul.
 Consummatum!
 Agnus
 Laudetur, fuso sanguine!

March 9, 1870.

**“ Confessed that they were Strangers and
Pilgrims,” &c.—HEB. xi. 13.**

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield,
When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling torrent,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.
See Note 15 of Appendix I.

“ Looking unto Jesus,” &c.—HEB. xii. 2.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace, possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Ad Jehobah.

MAGNE Tu, Jehova, duc me, qui perēgrē transeo.

Hospes in terræ tenēbris debilis; sed dextera

Me potens sustentet ægrum sempiterno robore.

Panis Cœlitum,

Pasce me famelicum

Dum nihil amplius egeam.

Pande fontem puriorem, quā Dei crystallinis

Salutiferi liquores hauriuntur rivulis;

Dum columna nubis igne clara ducat servulum

Vitæ per vias.

O Redemptor optime,

Sis clypeus mihi fortior!

Quum per amnem transeundo mors mihi stat cominus,

Anxios timores pelle, mi Redemptor impiger,

Atque me fer Ipse salvum per tumultus fluctuum.

Ponas me citò

Trans fluenta Canaan,

Quā Tibi carmen concinam!

March 23, 1870.

Ante Crucem.

O QUAM dulce et beatum

Tempus mihi est, quàm gratum

Quod consumo ante crucem!

Moriente Salvatore

Pro me tristi peccatore,

Vitam habeo et salutem.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood :
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thine ;
Till I taste Thy whole salvation,
Where unveiled Thy glories shine.

“ The Sun of Righteousness,” &c.—MAL. i.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true and only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high be near :
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Hic cum precibus sedebo,
Et pacem Domini videbo
In sacri fluvio cruoris :
Cujus gutta per cor meum
Protegit me, quamvis reum,
Bonitate Genitoris.

Illic amans dolens stabo,
Et pedes lacrymis lavabo,
In cor meum est divisum :
Nam fide constans permanebo,
Vitamque ducens ejus leto
Lacrymis mutabo risum.

Te, Salvator, contemplatus,
De Te solo meditatus,
Meos oculos in Tuos
Figam, dum amore pleno
Mox fruar, quà sine velo
Deus regnat inter Suos !

March 8, 1870.

Ad Christum.

CHRISTE, cujus gloria
Universa funditur ;—
Christe, qui sis undique
Sola lux veraciter ;—
Exorire, Magne Sol
Rectitudinis ; citò
Dissipa caliginem
Noctis atræ ; cœlitùs
Jam propinquior veni, ut
Corda nostra visites !

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see,—
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, Radiancy divine !
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

See Note 16 of Appendix I.

"The ~~W~~earp be at Rest."—JOB iii. 17.

WHEN the world my heart is rending
 With its heaviest storm of care,
 My glad thoughts, to God ascending,
 Find a refuge from despair.

There's a hand of mercy near me,
 Though the waves of trouble roae ;
 There's an hour of rest to cheer me,
 When the toils of life are o'er.

Mane nigrum Te sine ;
 Nulla faustus est dies,
 Quem Tu non beaveris.
 Solis ortu non salus,
 Non, cadente sidere,
 Pax mihi vel gaudium,
 Ni jubar reviserit
 Misericordiæ¹ Tuæ,—
 Ni det intus lumina
 Et meum cor recreet !
 Hanc mei mentem visites,
 Culpa missa sit, precor ;
 Dissipaque pectoris
 Nebulosa crimina ;
 Meque compleas, Jubar
 Editum divinitus
 Infidelitate me
 Liberans, Te detegas
 Luce clariore, quum
 Integer dies terminet.

March 24, 1870.

In Deo Quies.

QUANDO mundus mi cor scindit.
 Et turbine curarum stringit,
 Meâ animâ in Deo
 Se solatâ, nil despero.
 Quamvis circa fremant fluctus,
 Manu Domini sum ductus :
 Functus laboribus, in Deo
 Solamen et quietem quæro.

¹ Tribrach = trochee.

Happy hour ! when saints are gaining
 That bright crown they longed to wear :
 Not one spot of sin remaining,
 Not one pang of earthly care.

Oh ! to rest in peace for ever,
 Joined with happy souls above ;
 Where no foe my heart can sever
 From the Saviour whom I love !

This the hope that shall sustain me
 Till life's pilgrimage be past ;
 Fears may vex, and troubles pain me,
 I shall reach my home at last.

“ Is it well with thee ? ”—2 KINGS iv. 26.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well ;
 Free and changeless is His favour,
 All, all is well.

Precious is the blood that healed us ;
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us ;
 Strong the hand stretched out to shield us ;—
 All must be well.

Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well ;
 Our's is such a full salvation,
 All, all is well.

Felix hora ! Coronantur
 Sancti gloriâ et donantur,
 Missis omnibus peccatis,
 Et miseriis ablatiis.
 Tum quiescere æternum
 Et gaudium noscere supernum,
 Quâ cum Sanctis considebo,
 Amatam Christum quâ videbo,—
 Me spes illa sustentabit,
 Dum vitæ iter terminabit.
 Quum domum venerim, labores
 Cessabunt omnes et dolores !

May 14, 1870.

Bene erit.

NOSTRI Dei per amorem
 Usque stabilem,
 Bene erunt omnia :
 Et per Domini favorem
 Immutabilem,
 Bene sunt omnia !
 Carus sanguis est qui sanat,
 Pura gratia quæ signat,
 Fortis dextera quæ servat :
 Sic necesse
 Omnia debent bene esse !
 Quum sit nobis dies malus
 Ægris, territis,
 Bene erunt omnia :
 Nostra dives, plena salus,
 In Christi meritis :
 Bene sunt omnia.

Happy, still in God confiding,
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
 All must be well.

We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.

On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living or in dying,
 All must be well.

See Note 17 of Appendix I.

"If we ask," &c.—1 JOHN v. 14.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits pitying see,
 True penitence impart;
 And let a kindling ray from Thee
 Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer
 May we our wills resign;
 And not a thought our bosoms share
 That is not wholly Thine.

May faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies.

Felices, dum Deo credamus,
 Feraces, si Christo fidamus,
 Qui vitam Spiritu sacramus.

En ! necesse
 Omnia debent bene esse !

Cras speramus elariora,
 Die redivivâ :
 Bene erunt omnia !
 Fides canit meliora,
 Quamvis nocte mediâ,
 Bene sunt omnia !

Freti sumus Genitori,
 Christi fidimus favori,
 Parati vivere aut mori.
 Hinc necesse
 Omnia debent bene esse !

Supplicatio.

QUUM supplicamus ad thronum Tuum, Deus,
 Peccata confitentes ;
 Confessa Tu sentire fac, et nos doce
 Odisse pœnitentes !
 Contrita corda spiritusque flebiles
 Pacatus auspicare,
 Jubeque spes novas Tuo sub lumine
 Salutis inchoare.

Et quum precatus multiformes fudimus
 Nos nostra subditemus,
 Nec ulla vota, quæ nihil probaveris,
 In corde cogitemus.

Fidesque nos, petitiones roborans,
 Loca ad superna ducat,
 Dicatque quod Divina Vis, quæ quærimus
 Aut donat aut recusat !

May 1, 1870.

"**Sparr Thy People,"** &c.—JOEL ii. 17.

SAVIOUR ! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy birth and early years ;
By Thy human griefs and fears ;
By Thy fasting and distress,
In the lonely wilderness ;
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle Tempter's power ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dark despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the purple robe of scorn ;

Litania.

QUANDO genua flectentes,
Quando lacrymas fundentes,
Te, Salvator, adoremus,
Humiliterque invocemus,—
Quum ad cœlum pœnitentes
Vix oculos tollamus flentes,—
O per omnes Tuas duras
Pro salute nostrâ curas,—
Per quos passus es dolores,
Quos sensisti per mœrores,—
De throno supèr inclinatus
Ad nos, Jesu, invocatus
Audi volens nostræ sanctum
Supplicationis planctum !
Te per horas infantiles,
Te per dies pueriles,
Te per ortum juventatis,
Per annos vegetæ ætatis,—
Per humanos luctus, metus,
Timores, gemitus, et fletus,—
Per jejunium in eremo,
Tentationem in extremo,—
Per Tui gratiam victoris
In illa die Tentatoris,—
Te precamur, Jesu, ad nos
Verte miserans ocellos,
Atque audi nostræ sanctum
Supplicationis planctum !
Per horam Tuam desperandi,
Patrisque iram deprecandi,—
Per crudeliter derisum
In Te nova veste visum,
Et, ut Regem, purpuratum,—

By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries;
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy last expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God! ascended Lord!
To Thy throne in heaven restored;
Prince and Saviour! hear the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

See Note 18 of Appendix I.

“Abound in Hope,” &c.—ROM. xv. 13.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night:
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light
Raise us sinners,
From the power of sin and death.

Per sceptrum manibus oblatum,—
 Per Tua vulnera,—per sentes
 Coronam Tibi facientes,—
 Per triste Tuæ lignum crucis,
 Per acuta leti trucidis,
 Et perfectum sacrificium
 Pro nobis, Tibi sit officium
 Nunc audire nostræ sanctum
 Supplicationis planctum !

Per singultus morientis
 Tui, omne finientis,—
 Per sepulchrum obseratum,
 Lapidemque consignatum,—
 Per subactam Tibi mortem,
 Manumque redimendo fortem,—
 O Tu, hominum Salvator,
 Deus, magne Dominator,
 Qui triumphans de infernis
 Es locis redditus supernis,
 Throno Patris Princeps sedens,
 Omnes suprâ infrâ regens,
 Jesu, audi nostræ sanctum
 Supplicationis planctum !

Good Friday, 1870.

Ad Spiritum Sanctum.

SANCTE Spiritus repelle
 Nigra noctis lumina !
 Fons abundans gaudiorum
 Sparge cœli lumina !
 Funde vitam
 Nosque fontes, perditos,
 Solve mortis
 Peccatique vinculis !

Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
Heavenward as our steps are tending,
Pleasures give that never cloy :
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

“It is not possible,” &c.—HEB. x. 4.

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Would give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
The while a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

Per hanc terram Tu transisti ;
 Omne durum Tu sensisti,—
 Solitarius, oppressus,
 Pauper, debilis, defessus,
 Mundi per deserta gressus !

Spiritus Dei descendens
 Gaudio nos compleas ;
 Ad superna, nos incendens
 Corda, gradus moveas !
 Des lætitiâ perennem,
 Voluptatem et solennem :
 Nam, nobis sic adjuvatis
 Atque veniâ donatis,
 Nil nocuerit pacatis !

March 31, 1870.

ina oblatione consummabit," &c.—HEBR. x. 14.

OMNIS sanguis bestiarum
 Aris Judaicis cæsarum
 Est impotens et inutilis,
 Ut sontem animum mî placet
 Aut corda sordibus mî lavet,
 Ad nil tale utilis !

Christus sed, per ditiozem
 Illis omnibus cruorem,—
 Per Sui sacrificium,—
 Agnus quem Jehovah novit,
 Peccata omnia removet,
 In nostri beneficium.

In capite carissimo,
 Mihi et dulcissimo,
 Fidem totam posui ;
 Dum prope Te sto pœnitens,
 Meamque culpam confitens,
 Factis quæ non volui.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

“ All in the graves shall,” &c.—JOHN v. 2

DAY of judgment ! day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet’s awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round :
How the summons
Will the sinner’s heart confound !

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine !
Ye who long for his appearing
Then shall say, “ This God is mine ! ”
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine !

.

Sed quòd cruce Tu pendebas,
 Et dura onera ferebas
 Pro me sonte, perditio;
 Mens mea respicit et sperat,
 Quòd Redemptor Ipse velat
 Peccata mihi misero!

Et per fidem nunc gaudemus,
 Quòd anathema videmus
 Sublatum Christi sanguine.
 Voce hilari beamus
 Agnum, de quo sic cantamus
 Pro nobis moriente!

May 1, 1870.

Dies Iudicii.

DIES mirandorum! Dies
 Iudicii terribilis!
 Audin' ? Tubæ clangor ille
 Quàm strepitu terrisono
 Et clariore millibus
 Fulminibus percrepuit!
 Cuncta circum
 Tremefacta sunt creata.
 O quàm nuncius tremendus
 Corda peccatoris ægra
 Obruet formidine!

Ecce! nostrâ carne Judex
 Omnipotens aspicitur,
 Divinitus circumdatus
 Terrificis luminibus!
 Qui desideratis horam
 Advenientis Domini,
 Vos redempti,
 Deus Ille vester est!
 Salvator redux amice,
 Me Tuum digneris Ipse
 Servulum agnoscere.

At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the powers of Nature, shaken,
 From His face prepare to flee ;
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?

But to those who have confessèd,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, " Come near, ye blessèd,
 See the kingdom I bestow.
 You for ever
 Shall My love and glory know !"

See Note 19 of Appendix I.

" Christ di'd for thee," &c.—ROM. v. 6.

ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sovereign die ?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

Was it for sins that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !

Ejus voce mortuorum
 Corpora surgunt tumulis :
 Reddit omnes Terra secum,
 Ejcit omnes Pelagus.
 Viribus Natura fractis
 Aufugit, horrisono
 Cum fragore,
 Faciem Dei tremendam.
 O peccator audax, iste
 Quid spei dies relinquet,—
 Quid tibi deperdito ?
 Sed illis, qui confitentes
 Corde pio, mente novâ,
 Servierunt, amaverunt
 Hic famuli Te Dominum,
 Inquies Tu,—“ Vos, beati,
 Mi propius, mi propius
 Congregati
 Veniatis ! Jam videte
 Regna quæ donare possum.
 Vos amore sempiterno et
 Gloriâ fruemini ! ”

Advent, 1869.

Christus Crucifixus.

ANNE fundens sanguinem
 Mortuus Redemptor est !
 Seque vovit Rex meus
 Pro misello sonteque,
 Morte servans debitâ !
 Anne ligno figitur,
 Ut piaret crimina,
 Quæ nocenter feceram ?
 Mira virtus ! maxima
 Caritas et gratia !

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin !

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears :

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
'Tis all that I can do.

“ *I will arise,*” &c.—LUKE xv. 18.

FATHER, again in Jesu's name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

Rite sol se nubibus
 Condidit perterritus,
 Dum Creator omnium
 Ipse Se pro sontibus,
 Quos creavit, consecrat!
 Sic pudens me conderem,
 Corde fracto gratulans,
 Flens, ovanque molliter
 Visa quum sit mi Tua
 Crux, Redemptor optime!
 At doloris lacryma
 Solvet haud hoc debitum
 Caritatis, quod Deo
 Debui. Sic me Tibi
 Omne quod possem dedi!

April 14, 1870.

In Domine Jesu.

PATER, rursus congregati
 Jesu nomine, prostrati
 Tui in præsentiâ,
 Mille culpas confitentes
 Mille lacrymas fundentes,
 Verâ pœnitentiâ,—
 Has voces ad Te petentes
 Atque oculos hos flentes,
 Vix licet ut tollamus,
 Dum Te veniam rogantes
 Et Te, Pater, collaudantes
 Humiliter cantamus.

Oh ! we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare :
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned ?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around ?

Alas ! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove ;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

Te ob curam non cessantem,
Quotidiana bona dantem,
Nos pii bearemus :
Tua opera nocte die,
Tuam gratiam cum fide,
Redempti declaremus.

Vitam nostram Tu coronas
Mille bonis, quæ condonas
Nobis immerentibus !
Ad nos manus Tu extendis
Brachio Tu nos defendis
Et ponis Te in mentibus.

At indigni heu ! amore
Quàm sæpe sumus in errore,
Obliti Tui, Domine !
Quamvis animas amâsti
Ab æterno, quas creâsti,
Et amabis liberè !

Invitati nunc venimus ;
Ad Te, Genitor, redimus
Peccatores miseri,
Reduces ut ad ovilia,
In Patris nostri domicilia,
Regenerati filii !

Oh by that Name in whom all fulness dw
Oh by that love which every love excels !
Oh by that blood so freely shed for sin !
Open blessed mercy's gate, and take us in

.

The four English Stanzas were found to requ
in the Latin.

“King ober all the earth.”—ZECH. xiv

ZION's King shall reign victorious ;
All the earth shall own His sway ;
He will make His kingdom glorious ;
He shall reign in endless day.

Nations, now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light :
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

O per Nomen id supremum
 Magnitudinisque plenum,
 Te prece supplicamus ;—
 Te per erga nos amorem
 Omni alio majorem,
 Te, Deus, invocamus.

O, per sanguinem effusum
 Sic largiter in nostri usum,
 Fores nunc aperiens
 Misericordiæ, nos beâris
 Et cœli sedibus locâris,
 Ad Te nos accipiens !

æ 1, 1870.

REX Zionis, usque victor,
 Imperabit undique :
 Regna reddet gloriosa
 Sempiterno lumine.

Nationes, infideles
 Antehac et impiæ,
 Lucem gloriæ videbunt,
 Dum dies noctem fugat.

Cœlitum triumphus instat :
 Israël exules
 Tum redibunt supplicantes
 Ad Deum quem fugerant.

Impii, quem perforârunt,
 Pœnitentes, flebiles,
 Nunc Iësum quæritabunt
 Et prement virgam labiis.

Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain ;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign !

“ The Lord is thy Keeper.”—Ps. cxxi. 5.

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us ;
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus, Thou our guardian be :
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers :
In Thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Magne Rex, Tui revelans
 Vim supernam brachii,
 Vince gentes, dans salutem,
 Atque sceptro subjice !

Idvent, 1870.

Abíturí Cubítum.

PER hunc diem trepidum
 Servavit Tuus nos amor ;
 Nunc eamus cubitum,
 Nam cessat solitus labor.
 Nos custodi timidos
 Per horas noctis tacitæ,
 Nec tremefaciant nos
 Vires Iniqui plurimæ.
 Jesu, Tu sis custos ; in Te
 Quàm dulce nobis fidere !

Hic erronee fallimur,
 Hujus telluris hospites :
 Inimicis cingimur,
 Sed, Te tutante, sospites.
 Ab omnibus periculis
 O Tu nos serves et nostra :
 Nam ipsi Tuis brachiis
 Et mens in Te reposita !
 Tum, die vitæ transito,
 Sit Tecum quies ultimo !

The Benediction.—2 COR. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above ;
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys this earth cannot afford.

Benedictio.

GRATIA nostri Salvatoris,
 Et Sancti favor Spiritus,
 Cum amore Genitoris
 Descendat nobis cœlitus !
 Sic conjuncti maneamus
 Inter nos cum Domino,
 Atque gaudia habeamus
 Ignota mundo atheo ¹ !

¹ Atheus, with the Latin termination for Atheos with the Greek ending, is used by Cicero.

HYMNOLOGIA CHRISTIANA

LATINA.

Appendix I.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 60.—This excellent hymn first appeared in the *Christian Observer* for February, 1806, and again, with some correction, in 1812. In some hymnals it is erroneously attributed to Lord Glenelg, the elder brother of the author, who, in the year after Sir Robert's death, edited twelve pieces under the title of "Sacred Poems," explaining in the preface that they had been composed by his brother at various periods of his life.

Note 2, page 70.—A very beautiful stanza of the original hymn is of necessity omitted in the edition for congregational use :—

"Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please :
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas !"

The author alludes to his travels in early life.

I suppose it must be admitted that the word *gratia*,

which I employ in this and in other versions, in its pure classical intention is by no means adequate to the Gospel meaning of *the grace of God*, a doctrine unknown to all men destitute of a divine revelation. But if *gratia* in its first classical meaning is equivalent to *favour, goodwill, and kindness*, it is in a Christian sense most properly taken as employed in the version of a Christian hymn; for what is really *the grace of God* but His favour and loving-kindness to His people, which “bringeth salvation?” In the Apotheosis of Prudentius (880) we have the word employed in its evangelical sense:—

“Aut, si majestas animæ est, ostendite quid sit
 Quod lapsam Christique inopem novæ gratia inunquat,
 Spiritus et Sanctus baptisinate justificatam
 Nobilitat, famulæque decus, quod deficit, addit?”

Archbishop Trench in his *Sacred Latin Poetry* (page 120, ed. London, 1864), comparing the Latinity of Prudentius with that of Juvenecus and Sedulius, who endeavoured to put Gospel truths in Augustan phraseology, claims “superiority for Prudentius from the very fact that he did not, as they did, attempt to pour new wine into old bottles, but felt and understood that the new thoughts and feelings which Christianity had brought into the world must of necessity weave new garments for themselves.” In my versions I have endeavoured to take advantage of this position.

Note 3, page 74.—I cannot produce authority for this variation instead of those tame words, *all abroad*. It was suggested to me by my late father, the incumbent of Trinity Church, Gosport, when we edited, in 1841, a “Selection of Psalms and Hymns” for the use of that congregation.

Tate and Brady have the passage thus, and very good too, though inferior to the old version in this place :—

“He left the beauteous realms of light,
 Whilst heaven bowed down its awful head :
 Beneath His feet substantial night
 Was like a sable carpet spread.

“The chariot of the King of kings,
 Which active troops of angels drew,
 On a strong tempest’s rapid wings,
 With most amazing swiftness flew.”

Buchanan has turned it thus, and, I think, most successfully :—

“Ille vehens curru volucris, cui flammeus ales,
 Lora tenens levibus ventorum adremigat alis,
 Se circum furvo nebularum involvit amictu
 Præstenditque cavis piceas in nubibus undas.”

Ales and *alis* so close together is awkward, while the *adremigat* does not convey the idea of swiftness.

Johnstone’s rendering is, perhaps, better :—

“Æthere depresso, solio descendit ab alto ;
 Nubila sidereos implicuère pedes.
 Ventorum volucres humeris circumdedit alas,
 Scandit et ætherei flammea terga chori.”

How far below the sublimity of the original are our best translations !

Note 4, pages 80 and 82.—It has been objected to this beautiful piece that it is no hymn at all, but only an address to a star. We should remember that we may praise God in “spiritual songs” as well as in psalms and

hymns. To that class the hymn in question belongs, as do "From Greenland's icy mountains," and "Sound the loud timbrel," &c. Many of Montgomery's best pieces ought properly to be put in the same category of spiritual songs, e. g. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire."

Note 5, pages 83 and 84.—The change and ring of the dactylic tetrameter is often more acceptable than the monotony of the pentameter. And here I may observe, that, while Gesner termed this kind of measure *Phalæcus*, Doering calls it *Alcmanian*, but that form, strictly speaking, requires a dactyl in the fourth place. I believe the most correct name for this kind of line, which Horace so often uses, is *Archilochian*. This, however, is not material, though, perhaps, I have employed a term which is now somewhat old fashioned.

Note 6, pages 89 and 91.—This translation was the result of several trials, and no metre proved suitable but this which I finally employed, after the pattern of Horace B. 4, Ode 7. Those who are curious in these things may find the original, an extraordinary poem of 96 lines on *Laudes Patriæ Cælestis*, given in extenso by Archbishop Trench in his *Sacred Latin Poetry*, pp. 305—310 of the 2nd edition, Macmillan, 1864. The lines form a part of Bernard's long and remarkable poem *De Contemptu Mundi*, which is found in the collection of poems *De Corrupto Ecclesiæ Statu*, given by Flacius Illyricus, who died in 1575, as a kind of complement to his Catalogue of Witnesses for the Truth against the Papacy. The dactylic hexameters, uniting, as Bernard has made them do, the leonine and tailed rhyme, with every line broken into three parts exactly, present a very unattractive garb, "and yet," says Dr. Trench, "no one with a sense

for the true passion of poetry will deny the breath of a real inspiration to the author." Here are a few specimens of these curious lines :—

"Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur :
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere, retribuetur.

"O bona patria, lumina sobria te speculantur,
Ad tua nomina sobria lumina collacrimantur.

"Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora,
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.
Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialia gaudia, gloria quam specialis !

"Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita glorificandis,
Tu bona visibus interioribus intima pandis."

Note 7, page 128.—Samuel Medley was born at Chess-hunt, in Hertfordshire, on June 23rd, 1738. He served as a midshipman on board the "Buckingham" and the "Intrepid" under Admiral Boscawen in 1755. He was badly wounded in the naval battle off Cape Lagos, August 18th, 1759. He was afterwards received by his grandfather, Mr. Tonge, through whose instrumentality he was brought to a religious state of mind, and afterwards became a frequent hearer of Whitefield. Joining Dr. Gifford's church in Eagle Street, London, in December, 1760, he left the navy, married, and began to preach in 1766. In 1767 he was the pastor of a church in Soho, but afterwards removed to Liverpool, where, from personal experience of former days, he was very useful to his seafaring hearers. He often preached at the Tabernacle and at Tottenham Court Road Chapel. He died in great peace on July 17th, 1799. He published only a

few hymns, more valuable for their sentiments than their poetry.

Note 8, pages 132 and 134.—This hymn, as now sung in our churches, is part of Dryden's rendering of that ancient Latin hymn, also in Iambic Dimeter, which has generally been ascribed to Charlemagne. Archbishop Trench, in his *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 184, ed. 1864, considers it much older, and says: "It has always had attributed to it more than ordinary worth and dignity. Such our Church has recognized and allowed when, dismissing every other hymn, she has yet retained this in the Offices for the Ordering of Priests and the Consecrating of Bishops."

The word *indēsinenter*, which I have admitted into my version of the English form, is found in Varro.

Note 9, page 135.—The expression *spatium non mensurabile* occurs in Prudentius, *Apoth.* 813.

Note 10, pages 136—139.—After several trials, this peculiar metre seemed best adapted to this hymn: but it cost me much time and labour and contrivance; for it was necessary to have five Latin stanzas to correspond with the five stanzas of the original, and each to end with "Thy will be done," which I have effected by introducing the Adonic verse at the end of each stanza.

Note 11, page 143.—The metre is octonarian trochaic catalectic, after the pattern of Prudentius, *Cathem.* Hymn 9, and generally is musical and runs smoothly. And note, the first intention of *gloriosus* is *full of glory*, Cicero (*De Div.* 1, 28), has *Fuga nobis gloriosa*.

Humanitùs = *after the manner of men*, or *as men are wont*: "Si quid mihi humanitùs accidisset," &c., Cic. *Philipp.* 1. 4.

Note 12, page 162.—This dismissal hymn first appeared in 1774, as Mr. Miller tells us, p. 312, in a collection used by the Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley. It is erroneously attributed to Mr. Burder. In some hymnals it is mixed up with the last two stanzas of a very good hymn by Jonathan Evans, who died in 1809, beginning,

“Come, Thou soul transforming Spirit,”

and forms a new hymn in conjunction with the third and fourth stanzas of that piece, and thus becomes a very good form for concluding service:—

“LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing!

Fill our hearts with joy and peace:

Let us each Thy love possessing,

Triumph in redeeming grace:

O refresh us,

Trav’ling through this wilderness.

“Thanks we give and adoration,

For Thy gospel’s joyful sound;

May the fruits of Thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound!

Ever faithful

To the truth may we be found!

“So whene’er the signal’s given

Us from earth to call away,

Borne on angels’ wings to heaven,

Glad the summons to obey,

May we ever

Reign with Christ in endless day!”

For example, it is so in Mr. Kemble’s Collection, where it constitutes No. 542.

Note 13, page 174.—This hymn cost me a vast amount of trouble, so hard was it to preserve in the Latin the peculiar stanzas of the English, as well as to imitate the irregular line at the end of each.

The following elegiac version of the same is by the Rev. Sydney Gedge, Vicar of All Saints', Northampton:—

“Tu, qui terrarum tractus cœlique creâsti,
 Quemque Patrem nôrunt noxque diesque sum;
 Unde laboranti lux est concessa diei,
 Unde fatigato noctis amica quies;

“Nos hunc Colicolas, precor, o! taceant amatores;
 Membra sopor tenet missus amore Tuo!
 Somnia delectent animum divina per horas
 Noctis, et infundat spes sacra dona sinu!

“Invigila nobis nox ut citat alma soporem!
 Invigila, lenis dum tenet ossa sopor!
 Mors citius veniet; Deus O! morientibus adsis
 Et requiem placidis da sine fine Tuis!

“Ultimaque è tumultu vox ut metuenda ciebit
 Tu ne linque Tuos, sed prope semper ades!
 Cœlesti liceat Tecum regione potiri,
 Regali Tecum detur honore frui.”

Note 14, page 221.—“Consummatum,” *est* subaudito, is the term used in the Vulgate; and otherwise it is, I presume, the best rendering of τετελέσται. *Finitum est* would have been good and *peractum* quite classical. In fact *est peractum* and *sunt peracta* would have been better for my trochaic metre than the double

pondee: but I thought I was bound to adhere to *connummatum*.

I found, indeed, the version of this beautiful hymn no easy matter, preserving the analogy at the same time. Nothing for the purpose would answer but the kind of Latin peculiar metre I have contrived, unless I had paraphrased the original and made a poem of it. As it is, I trust the rhythm and sentiments are fairly preserved throughout.

Note 15, page 225.—The measure of the first three lines of each stanza is legitimate Trochaic Octonary Catalectic; the first line of the close is Dactylic Dimeter, the second Trochaic Dimeter Catalectic, and the third consists of three dactyls.

Note 16, page 227.—*Rectitudo* is found only in Tertullian. Cellarius says of it, "Elegantissimo cuique scriptori vox ignota." But, without pretending to be an *elegantissimus scriptor*, I cannot find a more suitable rendering for the "Sun of Righteousness" of the original. The Vulgate has "Dominus noster justus" for "The Lord our Righteousness," as we have it in our Authorized Version.

Note 17, pages 230—233.—To render this hymn of so peculiar a metre into any exact classical legitimate verse was simply impossible without paraphrasing it entirely, and so losing all trace of its characteristics. I have therefore preferred a kind of rhyme, using iambs, trochees, anapæsts, dactyls, and spondees, while duly regulating the syllables and the rhythm, and imitating as closely as possible the form and fashion of the hymn itself, while preserving its sentiments stanza for stanza.

Note 18, page 235.—The word *Litania* at the head of the translation, p. 234, of which I could with no propriety make the penultimate otherwise than long, I found impracticable for the version, which is, I hope, tolerably perfect, after much thought and contrivance.

Note 19, pages 242—245.—Each stanza, imitating an English peculiar metre, consists of six Epitrite and Choriambic Dimeters alternately, then a double Trochee or equivalent, next an Epitrite and double Trochee, then a pair of Trochaic Dimeters and one of the same but Catalectic, which may also be scanned as Trochee, Spondee, and Dactyl.

P.S. MAY 13, 1871.—The Hymn from Bickersteth's Christian Psalmody, "Again the Lord of life and light," p. 84, is ascribed by Miller to Mrs. Barbauld.—*Singers and Songs*, Index, p. 589.

HYMNOLOGIA CHRISTIANA
LATINA.

Appendix II.

ADDITIONAL VERSIONS

BY BISHOP V. W. RYAN, THE REV. SYDNEY
GEDGE, AND T. H. PLOWMAN, ESQ.

ALSO

A METRICAL PARAPHRASE OF THE LITANY, BY
THE REV. C. H. BINGHAM,

AND

A SHORT POEM ON MIDNIGHT, BY R. B.

Hymn by Newton.

See before, p. 182.

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
It makes the contrite spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King.
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death !

Alcāt.

By the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, D.D., &c.

QUAM dulce JESUS nomen amabile
 Pertentat aures usque fidelium,
 Mulcetque mœrores, medetur
 Vulneribus, fugat et timorem !

Virtute sanat cor lacerum suâ,
 Tranquillat ægri pectora turbida ;
 Nutritque cœlesti caducum
 Pane animum, reficitque lassum.

Nomen benignum, spes mea sola Tu ;
 Hinc arma bello, præsidium et malis :
 Hinc usque thesaurus bonorum
 Plenus opes animo ministrat.

Per advocantem Te Genitor meos
 Audit precatus. Te Satanas fugit,
 Culpâque Divini solutus
 Filius accipior Parentis.

Conjux, Amicus, Pastor amabilis,
 Ductor, Sacerdos, Rex, Dominus, Via
 Vitæque Largitor, benignus
 Accipe quas Tibi canto laudes.

Te laude dignâ non valet assequi
 Infirma mens. Est languidior mei
 Vis cordis ; at quum Te videbo
 Luce Tuâ Tibi digna dicam.

Ast hîc per omnem sit mihi laus Tua
 Cantanda vitam ! Te celebrem Bonum !
 Mortisque supremo labore
 Dulce Tuum sonet aure Nomen !

shopstowe, Mauritius, June, 1867.

Hymn by Cowper.*From the Olney Collection.*

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what joy and peace and love
She communes with her God !

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour Thou art mine.

What thanks I owe Thee and what love,
A boundless endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When Time shall be no more.

Alcāt.

By the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, D.D., &c.

MUNDO relicto jam fugio, Deus,
Procul tumultus atque hominum vices,
Quos inter exercere gaudet
Militiam Satanas triumphans.

Tranquilla sylvæ, rus, tacitum nemus
Cum laude et altâ conveniunt prece,
Et gratiâ fido videntur
Facta Tuâ populo fruenda.

Hic corda tangit si mea Spiritus
Tuus, decorem dans humili domo,
Quantâ recognoscit faventem
Pace Deum veneransque adorât !

Ut dulce noctis fundit avis melos,
Sic sola secum carmina mens dabit ;
Non arbitrum cantus rogabit,
Non hominum petet illa plausus.

Vitæ meæ Tu præsidium et dator,
Æterna lucis Fons et amabilis,
Et cuncta Salvatoris uno
Nomine grata ferens, haberis.

Quas gratias et quem Tibi debeam
Ob cuncta amorem in me Tua munera,
In sæcla sæclorum sonabit
Atria per laqueata cœli.

Bishopstowe, Mauritius, July, 1869.

For the Consecration or Re-opening of a Church.

*By the Rev. Sydney Gedge, M.A., Vicar of
All Saints', Northampton.*

THOU dwellest not, O Lord most High,
In temples made with hands :
Thy Presence through the universe
No earthly shrine demands.

Thee nor the heaven of heavens contains,
Nor earth, nor ocean's bound :
Around, within, beneath, above,
Thou every where art found.

Yet, Lord, where prayer and praise are wont
From faith and love to rise,
Thy present Spirit deigns to hear
And waft them to the skies.

There hast Thou promised to draw near ;
Thy special blessing *there*
Each humble mind, each contrite heart,
May ever hope to share.

Lord, where our fathers worshipped, we
Now once again draw nigh :
Here would we worship, as did they
Who round about us lie.

Accentuated Rhyme.*Idem ab eodem Latine redditum.*

TUΔ, Deus, non est sedes
Nostrā structa manu ædes ;
Tu, quòd es ubique, fanum
Nusquam postulas humanum.

In excelsis es, immensus,
Nullo fine comprehensus ;
In profundis visum lates,
Fidei sed usque pates.

Ubicunque invocabunt
Qui fideles Te amabunt,
Præsens semper auscultabis,
Aditumque clemens dabis.

Usquequaque ades unus,
("Tibi soli tantum munus.")
Ibi mens submissa gaudet,
Nec mœrentem noxa mordet.

Ubi patres coluerunt,
Id, quod illi obtulerunt,
Hic in vitâ commorantes
Et nos dabimus lætantes.

Here may Thy word an entrance find
 To hearts o'erwhelmed with sin :
 Here may its balm to sorrowing ones
 Shed peace and joy within !

Here may the Saviour's Name of love,
 From age to age revealed,
 Draw sinners to His cross, and tell
 Each of His pardon sealed !

With fear allayed, with hope revived,
 May confidence and love
 Implanted by the Spirit's power
 Draw every thought above !

**And may the holiness be ours
 Which doth Thy house become,
 And faith anticipate the joy
 Of our eternal home !**

**All glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Jehovah, One in Three,
 Here, and throughout all worlds be Thine
 Now and eternally !**

Amen.

Verbo Tuo sint sanata
Corda, malo nunc gravata ;
Sit timentibus levamen
Sit tristitiæ solamen !

Salvatoris hîc amatum
Nomen usque prædicatum
Crimine absolvat reum,
Ut videt in cruce Deum

Omni vacua spes timore,
Fides unâ cum amore,
Corda sursum ducat grata,
Spiritu Divino nata !

Et, quæ Tuam decet ædem,
Habeat in nobis sedem
Sanctitas ! hoc des benignus
Gaudii futuri pignus !

Laudem, gloriam, decusque
Pater, Fili, Spiritusque,
Hîc, ubique, hinc ad usque,
Damus omnes, dabimusque.

Amen.

Northampton, November, 1870.

Psalm cxxvi.

According to the New Version by Tate and Brady.

To God the mighty Lord
Your joyful thanks repeat :
To Him due praise afford,
As good as He is great :
For God does prove
Our constant Friend :
His boundless love
Shall never end.

To Him whose wondrous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore
This grateful homage pay :
For God, &c.

By His Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought ;
The heavens by His command
Were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land ;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand.
For God, &c.

Through heaven He did display
His numerous hosts of light :
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.
For God, &c.

Idem Latine redditum.

By T. H. Plowman, Esq., M.A., Bath.

The metre is Asclepiad, after the manner of Catullus, 61.

RITE Te celebrabimus
Laudibus Tibi debitis :
Unus es Pater Optimus :
Maximo Tibi nomen est :
Omnium misereris.

Paret imperio Tuo
Turba cœtera numinum ;
Regium decus, ad pedes
Procidens, Tibi cernuum est :
Omnium misereris.

Dexterâ potes efficax
Omne quod juvat exsequi :
Templa cœrulei poli,
Te jubente, suprâ nitent :
Omnium misereris.

Terra circueuntibus
Cingitur Tibi fluctibus ;
Quodque litoris altior
Surgit ora, operis Tui est :
Omnium misereris.

Sparsit ista manus polo
Lucis innumeros choros :
Sol diem regit : Hespero
Luna nocte comes data est :
Omnium misereris.

**He struck the first-born dead
Of Egypt's stubborn land ;
And thence His people led
With His resistless hand.**

For God, &c.

By Him the raging sea,
As if in pieces rent,
Disclosed a middle way
Through which His people went.

For God, &c.

Where soon He overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his host :
Who, daring to pursue,
Were in the billows lost.

For God, &c.

**Through deserts vast and wild
He led the chosen seed,
And famous princes foiled,
And made great monarchs bleed.**

For God, &c.

**And of His wondrous grace
Their lands, whom He destroyed,
He gave to Israel's race
To be by them enjoyed.**

For God, &c.

He in our depth of woes
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought.

For God, &c.

Pube destituit Pharon
Letifer Tuus Angelus :
Sic erat Tibi nos domum
Posse ducere sospites :
Omnium misereris.

Hinc et inde liquor Tibi
Cessit, et via per fretum
Turbidum patuit, Tuos
Ferret ut fuga ab hostibus :
Omnium misereris.

Milites Pharaonios,
Persequi cupidos, aquas
Mersit in medias Tuum
Numen, æstibus obruens :
Omnium misereris.

Solitudinibus feris
Gens Tua intererat diu,
Diruitque potentium
Principum patrias opes :
Omnium misereris.

Quodque sic placuit Tibi,
Numen, arbiter omnium,
Nos agros capere usui,
Quos iis adimis, jubes :
Omnium misereris.

Nos simul minui vides,
Nulla fit mora, sublevas,
Atque multa minantibus
Tollis unus ab hostibus :
Omnium misereris.

He does the food supply
 On which all creatures live :
 To God who reigns on high
 Eternal praises give :
 For God, &c.

Chanson.

*From the Lyra Anglicana, as edited by the Rev.
 R. H. Baynes, M.A., 1870.*

I COME to Thee to-night,
 In my lone chamber where no eye can see,
 And dare to crave communion high with Thee,
 Father of Love and Light !
 Softly the moonbeams shine
 On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
 While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
 Steal through the slumbering vine.
 Thou gav'st the calm repose
 That rests on all,—the air, the birds, the flowers,
 The human spirit in its weary hours
 Now at the bright day's close.
 'Tis nature's time for prayer ;
 The silent praises of the glorious sky,
 And the earth's orisons profound and high,
 To heaven their breathings bear.
 With them my soul would bend
 In humble reverence at Thy holy throne,
 Trusting the merits of Thy Son alone
 Thy sceptre to extend.

Tu paras animantibus
 Pabula esurientibus :
 Rite Te celebrabimus
 Laudibus Tibi debitis :
 Omnium misereris.

December 17, 1870.

Carmen Vespertinum.

By T. H. Plowman, Esq., M.A., Bath.

the metre is another form of Asclepiad, *More Horatiano*.

See Lib. I., Od. 5.

SOLUS nocte domi, liber ab arbitris,
 Ad Te, qui mihi sis Lux et Amor, Pater,
 Veni : sit modo Tecum
 Fas cœlestia colloqui !

Obscuras tacitis luna per arbores
 Albescit foliis : murmura vitibus
 Aurâ vecta susurrant
 Vespertina silentibus.

Ventis, atque avibus, floribus, ac viris
 Lassis munus adest hoc, Genitor, Tuum,
 Ut nocturna diurnas
 Horas excipiat quies.

Jam Natura suis, en ! precibus vacat;
 Nec cœlum tacitâ laude caret : suum
 Tellus, vota profundo
 Spirans ore, petit Deum.

Quorum ceu docilis, cum prece cernuus
 Sedes ante Tuas, per meritum Tui
 Nati Te, Pater, orans,
 Sceptro ne me abigas precor.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart ;
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal,

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore ;
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom Thou hast called Thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe affliction's grief and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope, or health,
Be Thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on Thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity
For my Redeemer's sake.

Si me forte dies hæc notat a Tuo
Dissensisse animo, seu colui miser
Ficti vilia mundi
Sacra, à Te veniam peto.

Ægros atque inopes si pede devio et
Aversis oculis præterii, immemor
Haustum ferre bibendum ;
Fasso da veniam, Pater.

Et quò, corde meo, mordear acrius,
Erranti ingeneres plus mihi gratiæ,
Cum virtutis amore, et
Purges omne meum scelus.

Uni dona tamen non precor hæc mihi :
Sit communis amor supplicibus, Tuum
Nomen quâ patet orbis
Terræ cunque vocantibus.

Luctus et lacrimas si quis amicio
Annis lenierit flebilibus meas,
Illum, ardentius oro,
Serves incolumem : viæ

Lucem, lætitiâ, spem, bona fuderis
Cuncta ; et, sæpe mihi quod puero fuit,
Tu solamen et esto
Pax illi, almaque faustitas.

Jamque accepta fides sit, Genitor, mea
Qualiscunque ; meum cor Tibi consecro ;
Pellas Tu mala, nato ut
Castum sic placeat Tuo.

January 17, 1871.

Metrical Paraphrase of the Litany.

*By the Rev. Charles H. Bingham, M.A., Vicar of
Ramsey, Hunts.*

FATHER of all, Eternal, God alone,
Whose footstool is the earth, and heaven Thy throne,
Source of all good, and Fountain of all light,
Our Guide by day, our Guardian through the night,
Miserable sinners, we,
Humble, contrite, bow to Thee ;
Bow the heart and bow the knee.
Mark each sigh, regard each tear,
Hear us pray,—in mercy hear !

O God the Son, who didst redeem the world,
When from their thrones the powers of ill were hurled ;
Who on the cross Thy precious blood didst shed,
To bruise beneath Thy feet the Serpent's head,
Miserable sinners, we,
Who from wrath to come would flee,
Turn with confidence to Thee ;
For us Thou wert content to bleed,
Plead our cause,—in mercy plead !

O Holy Ghost, who dost inform the soul,
Cleanse the foul heart, th' impetuous will control,
Confirm the weak, the falt'ring saint uphold,
And, breathing courage, make the coward bold,
Miserable sinners, we,
Feeling our infirmity,
Cry for help and grace to Thee :
Help us in the hour of need,
Lead us, oh, in mercy lead !

everlasting Father, Spirit, Son,
y and blessed, glorious Three in One,
whom alone we live, and move, and are
y work, Thy purchase, and Thy daily care,
Miserable sinners, we,
Deeply contrite, turn to Thee,
Turn in all humility.
Lord, accept our humble prayer ;
Spare us, in Thy mercy, spare !

Our sins, O Lord, remember not,
Nor those our fathers did of old ;
Blot from Thy book of record, blot
All that against us might be told !
Vengeance belongs to Thee, and Thou the guilty wilt
repay,
And we deserve Thy wrath ; yet, Lord, Thy rising anger
stay !

Spare us, good Lord, in mercy spare
Thy people whom Thou didst redeem,
For whom Thou didst in mock'ry wear
The purple robe, the thorny crown,
And Thy most precious blood did stream,
While Thou upon the cross didst bear
Shame, agony—all, but despair ;
Didst willingly Thy life lay down,
Complete Thy great compassion's scheme,
And all the sons of men from Satan's power redeem.
We are Thy sheep. Alas ! we strayed ; but now would
to Thy fold return.
Accept, forgive, O Lord, nor let Thy wrath for ever burn !

From all ills, without, within,
From the worst of evils, sin ;
Oh ! from Satan's craft and pow'r
In temptation's bitter hour ;
From Thy wrath which we provoke,
From Thy judgments' heavy stroke,
From the gloomy pit below,
Place of everlasting woe,
Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
Lord of mercy, us deliver !

From all darkness of a mind
Prone to sin, by nature blind ;
Oh ! from pride, from self-conceit,
Base hypocrisy, deceit,
Envy, hatred, malice, all
Unbecoming those who call
Thee their Master, who above
Dwellest, Prince of Peace and love,
Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
Lord of mercy, us deliver !

Oh ! from lust's unholy fires,
From those sensual desires
Which, indulged or fed within,
Drown the soul in deadly sin ;
From the world's delusive cheats,
From the flesh and its deceits,
From the snares unnumbered
Satan doth around us spread,
Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
Lord of mercy, us deliver !

In the wild, tempestuous day
When the vivid lightnings play,
When Thy awful thunders roll,
Striking terror to the soul,
When thy judgments are abroad,
Plague, and pestilence, and sword,
Joined with famine hand in hand,
Ministers at thy command,
Making desolate the land,
 Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
 Lord of mercy, us deliver !

From the rebel's truthless heart,
Dark conspiracy's base art,
Mean sedition's evil word,
Whisp'ring treason 'gainst his lord ;
Oh ! from out the iron hand
Of such troublers of the land,
From their evil spirit too
Prompting evil things to do,
Bringing swift destruction on
Peace of others and their own,
 Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
 Lord of mercy, us deliver !

By that mystery of love,
Thy descending from above,
In the lowly virgin's womb
God incarnate to become ;
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Bringing down from heaven to earth

Peace,—thus herald angels told
Shepherds watching round the fold!
While, a stall Thy dwelling made,
In the manger Thou wast laid,—
Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
Lord of mercy, us deliver!

By Thy condescending will
The law Thou madest to fulfil,
And, in circumcision, shed
First Thy blood for quick and dead;
By that sacred hour when Thou
Didst 'neath Jordan's waters bow,
And the Baptist o'er Thy head
Words of truth and blessing said,
As, descending from above,
Came the Spirit like a dove;
While, aloud, the Holy One
Claimed Thee His beloved Son,
Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
Lord of mercy, us deliver!

By that strange, mysterious scene,
When, self-humbled, Thou didst deign,
In the wilderness' wide waste
Forty days and nights to fast,
That, in nature's weakened hour,
Thou might'st feel the tempter's pow'r;
By the victory Thou didst win,
Tempted, suffering, without sin;
By the weapon sharp as bright,
Which, well wielded in the fight,

Put the enemy to flight,
Sharper than a two-edged sword,
God's own true, eternal word,
 Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
 Lord of mercy, us deliver !

By the woe that o'er Thy soul
Like a troubled sea did roll ;
By Thy tears, Thy groans, Thy sighs,
Offspring of Thine agonies,
When those earnest prayers were made
In Gethsemane's deep shade ;
By Thine agony profound,
When there fell unto the ground
Sweat-drops, like great drops of blood,
Preluding that greater flood,
Which should soon a fountain be,
Cleansing all who look to Thee,
 Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
 Lord of mercy, us deliver !

By Thy cross, where Thou indeed
Didst, a spotless Victim, bleed ;
By Thy passion, when *that* cry
Told Thy deeper agony,
Left alone to bear the load,
Yea ! forsaken e'en by God !
By Thy death, when o'er the sun,
Ere one half his course was run,
Darkness brooding changed the light,
Nature mourning, into night,
 Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
 Lord of mercy, us deliver !

By Thy burial in the grave,
Mighty though Thou wert to save;
By Thy conquest over death,
When, returning from beneath,
Thou didst come again to tell
Vict'ry over death and hell,
And the trembling earth did own
Thee her God, and Thee alone;
By Thy going up on high,
"Captive led captivity,"

While the heavenly host around
Chanted this triumphant sound,
"Lift your heads, eternal gates,
See, the King of Glory waits!"

Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
Lord of mercy, us deliver!

In the day when dangers press,
In the hour of our distress,
When our sorrows melt in tears,
When all round us dark appears,
Wave o'er wave comes rolling on,
Comfort fails and hope is gone;
Yes, and in the prosperous day,
When no trouble blocks our way,
When from hour to hour we glide
Onward, with a fav'ring tide,
While the world its gifts imparts
Bidding for our foolish hearts,
Pow'r and riches in her hand,
On a dangerous height we stand:
Oh! when we are perilled so,
Or by pleasure, or by woe,

Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
Lord of mercy, us deliver ;

When, as falter nature's pow'rs,
Weary days and nights are ours,
Ceaseless pain the body wears,
Conscious guilt the bosom tears,
Sins, a heavy burthen, press,
Merit sinks to nothingness ;
When the voice of conscience rings,
Speaking faithful, bitter things ;
When, time fast contracting, we
Hasten to eternity ;
When the panting, ebbing breath
Tells us 'tis " the hour of death !"
When the body to the grave
Goes,—the soul to God who gave !
In that hour of utmost need,
Lest the powers of Hell succeed,
Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
Lord of mercy, us deliver !

When resounds that trumpet dread,
Summoning the quick and dead,
Saint and sinner, all to meet,
All, before *His* judgment-seat,
Who *once* came in humble birth,
But *now* comes to judge the earth,
" With Him His reward," to give,
Some to die and some to live,
These, in bliss with Him to dwell,
Those, to second death in hell.
Oh ! when comes that awful hour,
When He takes to Him His pow'r,

Or to punish, or to save
 All the tenants of the grave,
 Reigning over all alone,
 All alike constrained to own
 Irresistible His sway;
 In the solemn judgment day!
 Thou, of grace and strength the Giver,
 Lord of mercy, us deliver! AMEN!

Midnight.

17, *Buckingham Street, Adelphi, 1863-64.*

And so another year has passed away!
 Next moment usher in a New Year's-day.
 How strange that both in darkness should delight;
 That end and this begin in depths of night.

The mid-time hour strikes twelve. Farewell, old friend,
 With thee a moment's taste I cannot spend;
 That tick, the earliest of the minute next,
 Proclaims the birthday of another year.

Then hail, new friend! and God on thee bestow
 Grace, mercy, peace: and whether weal or woe
 Thy portion be, as Time speeds on again,
 Or wealth, or want, or joy, or grief, or pain,—
 Welcome whate'er the Heavenly Lord shall send,
 Than old or new year still a better friend.

The clock strikes one. Alas, how soon has past
 The primal hour of this year, as the last
 Of thousands gone already, and asleep
 In vast Eternity's unfathomed deep!

Yes, I too thither travel on, and soon,
 Ere fades the golden sun or silv'ry moon,
 The clock will strike the knell that shuts my year
 And bids me say to all, "Farewell; for here
 No portion have I more; nor joy, nor woe;
 While all the trammels of the world below
 I leave behind, escaped, for ever free,
 Accepted, glorified; my God to see,—
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, Triune Three."

R. B.

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